



# THE GIRL'S BOOK OF VERSE



COMPILED BY  
Mary Gould Davis

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Davis  
The girl's book of verse

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## THE GIRL'S BOOK OF VERSE



# THE GIRL'S BOOK OF VERSE

An Anthology Compiled By  
MARY GOULD DAVIS



1952 REVISION

*J. B. Lippincott Company*  
PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

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## INTRODUCTION

To the revised edition of this familiar and well-loved volume, I am only too happy to contribute an introduction, superfluous though it be.

I came upon this book soon after its first publication, although I did not realize it at the time. Publication dates meant nothing to me then. I simply assumed it had always been around and that I had missed it, as I had missed so many others. The discovery came at an opportune moment, for I was working with out-of-school teen-age girls who were searching for just such fare,—unconsciously, of course, but truly, nonetheless. Here was the book for them, for each of them, for it was "*The Girl's Book*" rather than "*The Girls' Book*,"—a matter of importance, as the compiler had known it would be. This was none of your small, thin, beautifully printed, precious little samplings of *belles-lettres*, but sturdy and plump as an ordinary novel with pages of sizable, straightforward, unembarrassed-looking type that appeared to be easy-going. It was *obvious*, in the fine old Latin sense of the word, as poetry should be in childhood and youth—perhaps always.

"I don't like poetry," a young girl said to me once, aggressively and daringly, expecting a rebuff or at least an argument. But I disappointed her. "Don't you?" I rejoined mildly. "I know some people don't. What poems especially don't you like?" "Oh, all of them," she exclaimed, dismissing them airily. Then as I waited, she went on, "Well, there's *The Lady of the Lake*.—But

## Introduction

that's different. That really was a grand story and good fun. And then *Evangeline*—but that was all right too. And *The Solitary Reaper*—you know," (apologetically) "I rather liked that: 'Behold her single in the field, yon solitary Highland Lass'—it has a nice sound. Yes, and *The Skylark* has too. Well, I don't know," she concluded lamely, eyeing me sternly the while for any evidence of enjoyment or satisfaction, but I was plainly interested, nothing more. "It's funny, but I can't think right now of any *poem* I dislike. But," with renewed aggression, "I just don't like *poetry*!"

For the girls who like poetry, this is a book they will revel in from 10 or even 8 to 18 or 80. For those who dislike poetry but surprisingly find themselves liking *poems*, here are poems they will read and remember, lines that they will take to on sight: "Not Cortez had such wealth as mine!"—Not that the selections are tailored to their specifications. There is no particular concession to youth here, no conscious effort to be winning, to meet unformed tastes and improve them, to explain or analyze or introduce. There is only constant evidence of a wise selection on the basis of personal liking and wide experience and the observance of a certain pattern of effortless continuity under broad subjects of common interest. That is all—so simple, so easy, and withal so persuasive that it sets every reader off, as I suspect Miss Davis intended it should, to compiling a similar anthology of her very own. Apparently she has continued the process herself, for this revised edition drops thirty-one poems and puts in their places sixty-five others, attestation both to the changing trends in reading and in writing and to the compiler's willingness to accept change. After all, anthologizing is a lifelong process—what is Life if not a

## *Introduction*

constant search for values, a daily choosing and rejecting,  
an attempt to exercise

“ . . . the courage that gains  
And the prudence that keeps what men strive for . . . ” ?

Here are evidences of both those qualities, a reconciliation  
that seems ever harder to attain.

*Amelia Munson*

*New York*

*January 1, 1952*



## AUTHOR'S FOREWORD TO THE FIRST EDITION

Because real lovers of poetry know that time and place are of little importance, the poems in this book are brought together with no sense of the period in which they were written. From "The Song of Solomon" to Hilda Conkling's "Hills" they are here because they are beautiful, with a beauty that neither years nor events can change. It is this aloofness, this independence of circumstance that gives poetry its great value. From childhood, almost from infancy, through womanhood we may carry it with us, turning to it constantly and finding in it always something to satisfy our need.

My own love for it dates back to a mother who read and repeated poetry to us children as naturally as she breathed; to early mornings when we younger ones cuddled into bed beside her and listened to "Kallunborg Church," always associated in our minds with the old folk-tale of "Rumpelstilzskin," or "The Skeleton in Armor"; to winter evenings around a blazing fire where we roasted apples hung on strings from the mantel above while she read to us from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" or "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." She knew Whittier, visited at his house as a schoolgirl and quoted him to us until the ideas and ideals of the Quaker poet became unconsciously a part of our philosophy. And how well I remember her enthusiasm over Kipling when his poems began to appear in the late 'eighties! Her quick

## *Author's Foreword to the First Edition*

response to the strange rhythm, the surge and vigor of his verse brought us stumbling behind her, eager to see and hear all that she saw and heard in this new singer.

This response to poetry comes to different people differently, but if we live our lives without it we lose one of the good things that the world has to give.

This book is only a taste of that good thing. It is suggestive rather than complete, a stimulus to appetite rather than a satisfying meal. It was made in the hope that through it the modern girl would find a key to the treasures that the poets of today and yesterday are giving and have given us.

*Mary Gould Davis*

*New York, April, 1922*

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# THE GIRL'S BOOK OF VERSE





## THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey  
bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes  
dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the  
cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavement grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

## THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Come live with me and be my Love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

*The Passionate Shepherd to His Love*

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs :  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my Love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my Love.

MARGARITAE SORORI

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies :  
And from the west,  
Where the sun, his day's work ended,  
Lingers as in content,

There falls on the old, grey city  
An influence luminous and serene,  
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends  
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires  
Shine, and are changed. In the valley  
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun  
Closing his benediction,  
Sinks, and the darkening air  
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—  
Night with her train of stars  
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!  
My task accomplished and the long day done,  
My wages taken, and in my heart  
Some late lark singing,  
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,  
The sundown splendid and serene,  
Death.

## THE LOVE SONG OF HAR DYAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

Alone upon the housetops to the North  
I turn and watch the lightning in the sky—  
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North.  
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die.

*The Love Song of Har Dyal*

Below my feet the still bazaar is laid—  
Far, far below the weary camels lie—  
The camels and captives of thy raid.  
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die.

My father's wife is old and harsh with years  
And drudge of all my father's house am I—  
My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears.  
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die.

TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN

RALPH HODGSON

Time, you old gipsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day?

All things I'll give you  
Will you be my guest,  
Bells for your jennet  
Of silver the best,  
Goldsmiths shall beat you  
A great golden ring  
Peacocks shall bow to you,  
Little boys sing,  
Oh, and sweet girls will  
Festoon you with may.  
Time, you old gipsy,  
Why hasten away?

*Time, You Old Gipsy Man*

Last week in Babylon,  
Last night in Rome,  
Morning, and in the crush  
Under Paul's dome;  
Under Paul's dial  
You tighten your rein—  
Only a moment,  
And off once again;  
Off to some city  
Now blind in the womb,  
Off to another  
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day?

THERE SITS A BIRD

CHARLES KINGSLEY

There sits a bird on every tree,  
With a heigh-ho!  
There sits a bird on every tree,  
Sings to his love, as I sing to thee,  
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!  
Young maids must marry.

There grows a flower on every bough,  
With a heigh-ho!  
There grows a flower on every bough,

*There Sits a Bird*

Its gay leaves kiss—I'll show you how;  
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!  
Young maids must marry.

The sun's a bridegroom, earth a bride,  
With a heigh-ho!  
The sun's a bridegroom, earth a bride,  
They court from morn to eventide:  
The earth shall pass, but love abide.  
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!  
Young maids must marry.

HOPE IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS

EMILY DICKINSON

Hope is the thing with feathers  
That perches in the soul,  
And sings the tune without the words,  
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;  
And sore must be the storm  
That could abash the little bird  
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chillest land,  
And on the strangest sea;  
Yet, never, in extremity,  
It asked a crumb of me.

ESCAPE

ELINOR WYLIE

When foxes eat the last gold grape,  
And the last white antelope is killed,  
I shall stop fighting and escape  
Into a little house I'll build.

But first I'll shrink to fairy size,  
With a whisper no one understands,  
Making blind moons of all your eyes,  
And muddy roads of all your hands.

And you may grope for me in vain  
In hollows under the mangrove root,  
Or where, in apple-scented rain,  
The silver wasp-nests hang like fruit.

A MADRIGAL

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Crabbèd Age and Youth  
Cannot live together :  
Youth is full of pleasance,  
Age is full of care ;  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather ;  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare.



*A Madrigal*

Youth is full of sport,  
Age's breath is short;  
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;  
Youth is hot and bold,  
Age is weak and cold;  
Youth is wild and Age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee,  
Youth, I do adore thee;  
O, my Love, my Love is young!  
Age I do defy thee:  
O sweet shepherd, hie thee!  
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

LULLABY

WALTER DE LA MARE

Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul;  
The little mouse cheeps plaintively,  
The night-bird in the chestnut tree—  
They sing together, bird and mouse,  
In starlight, in darkness, lonely, sweet,  
The wild notes and the faint notes meet—  
Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul.

Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul;  
Amid the lilies floats the moth,  
The mole along his galleries goeth  
In the dark earth; the summer moon  
Looks like a shepherd through the pane  
Seeking his feeble lamp again—  
Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul.

Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul;  
Time comes to keep night-watch with thee,  
Nodding with roses; and the sea  
Saith "Peace! Peace!" amid his foam.  
"O be still!"  
The wind cries up the whispering hill—  
Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul.

## THE SHEPHERD BOY SINGS

JOHN BUNYAN

*Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's sheep. The Boy was in very mean Cloaths, but of a very fresh and well favored countenance, and as he sate by himself he sung. Hark, said Mr. Greatheart, to what the Shepherd's Boy saith. . . .*

He that is down needs fear no Fall,  
He that is low, no Pride;  
He that is humble ever shall  
Have God to be his Guide.

I am content with what I have,  
Little be it or Much:  
And, Lord, Contentment still I crave,  
Because Thou savest Such.

Fullness to Such a Burden is  
That go on Pilgrimage;  
Here little, and hereafter Bliss  
Is best from Age to Age.

A SONG TO DAVID

CHRISTOPHER SMART

He sang of God, the mighty source  
Of all things, the stupendous force  
On which all strength depends :  
From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes,  
All period, power, and enterprise  
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres He made  
The glorious light, the soothing shade,  
Dale, champaign, grove and hill :  
The multitudinous abyss,  
Where secrecy remains in bliss,  
And wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them *I AM*, Jehovah said  
To Moses; while Earth heard in dread,  
And, smitten to the heart,  
At once, above, beneath, around,  
All Nature, without voice or sound,  
Replied, "O Lord, THOU ART."

## SLEEP

WILLIAM SHARP

While sways the restless sea  
Beyond the shore,  
And the waves sing listlessly  
Their secret lore,  
And the soft fragrant air  
From off the deep  
Scarce stirs thine outspread hair,—  
Sleep!

Far up in purple skies  
Great lamps hang out,  
White flames that fall and rise  
In motley rout;  
While fall their silvern rays  
O'er crag and steep,  
Woodlands and meadow-ways,—  
Sleep!

While the moon's amber gleams  
Gild rock and flow'r,  
Let no untimely dreams  
Possess the hour;  
Let no vague fears the heart  
'Mid slumber keep,  
In dreams love hath no smart,—  
Sleep!

*To Sleep*

## TO SLEEP

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by  
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees  
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky:

I've thought of all by turns, and yet do lie  
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies  
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees,  
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,  
And could not win thee, Sleep, by any stealth:  
So do not let me wear tonight away:  
Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health.

## THE SONG OF SONGS

SOLOMON

I am the rose of Sharon,  
And the lily of the valleys.  
As the lily among thorns,  
So is my love among the daughters.  
As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,  
So is my beloved among the sons.  
I sat down under his shadow with great delight,

*The Song of Songs*

And his fruit was sweet to my taste.  
He brought me to the banqueting house,  
And his banner over me was love.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,  
By the roes, and by the hinds of the field,  
That ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.  
The voice of my beloved!  
Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains,  
Skipping upon the hills.  
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart;

Behold, he standeth behind our wall,  
He looketh forth at the windows,  
Shewing himself through the lattice.  
My beloved spake,  
And said unto me,  
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

For, lo, the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone.  
The flowers appear on the earth,  
The time of the singing of birds is come,  
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;  
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,  
And the vines with the tender grape  
Give a good smell.  
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

My beloved is mine,  
And I am his;  
He feedeth among the lilies  
Until the day break and the shadows flee away,  
Turn, my beloved,  
And be thou like a roe  
Or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

MARY'S GIRLHOOD

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

**T**his is that blessèd Mary, pre-elect  
God's Virgin. Gone is great while, and she  
Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.  
Unto God's will she brought devout respect,  
Profound simplicity of intellect,  
And supreme patience. From her mother's knee  
Faithful and hopeful; wise in charity;  
Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect.

So held she through her girlhood; as it were  
An angel-watered lily, that near God  
Grows and is quiet. Till, one dawn at home  
She woke in her white bed, and had no fear  
At all,—yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed;  
Because the fulness of the time had come.

These are the symbols. On the cloth of red  
I' the centre is the tripoint; perfect each,  
Except the second of its points, to teach  
That Christ is not yet born. The books—whose head  
Is golden Charity, as Paul hath said—  
Those virtues are wherein the soul is rich;  
Therefore on them the lily standeth, which  
Is Innocence, being interpreted.  
The seven-thorned brier and the palm seven-leaved  
Are her great sorrow and her great reward.  
Until the end be full, the Holy One  
Abides without. She soon shall have achieved  
Her perfect purity; yea, God the Lord  
Shall soon vouchsafe His Son to be her Son.

## ADDRESS OF RUTH TO NAOMI

*(Book of Ruth, Ch. I, 16-17)\**

And Ruth said:

“Intreat me not to leave thee,  
Or to return from following after thee:  
For whither thou goest, I will go,  
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge.  
Thy people shall be my people,  
And thy God my God.  
Where thou diest, will I die,  
And there will I be buried.  
The Lord do so to me, and more also,  
If ought but death part thee and me.”

## THE SHEPHERDESS

ALICE MEYNELL

She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.  
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;  
She guards them from the steep;  
She feeds them on the fragrant height,  
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,  
Dark valleys safe and deep.

\* From *The Bible Designed To Be Read As Living Literature* ed. by Ernest Sutherland Bates.



## *The Shepherdess*

Into that tender breast at night  
The chastest stars may peep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,  
Though gay they run and leap.  
She is so circumspect and right;  
She has her soul to keep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

## LULLABY

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

**H**usheen, the herons are crying  
Away in the rain and the sleet,  
Flying and flying and flying,  
With never a rest for their feet.

But warm in your coverlid nestle,  
Wee Bird, till the dawn of the day,  
Nor dream of the wild wings that wrestle  
In the night and the rain and the grey.

Come, sweetheart, the bright ones would bring you  
By the magical meadows and streams,  
With the light of your dreaming they build you  
A house on the hill of your dreams.

But you stir in your sleep and you murmur,  
As though the wild rain and the grey

Wet hills, with the wind ever blowing  
Had driven your dreams away.

And dearer the wind in its crying,  
And the secrets the wet hills hold,  
Than the goldenest place they could find you  
In the heart of a country of gold.

## THE FALCONER OF GOD

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I flung my soul to the air like a falcon flying.  
I said, "Wait on, wait on, while I ride below!  
I shall start a heron soon  
In the marsh beneath the moon—  
A strange white heron rising with silver on its wings,  
Rising and crying  
Wordless, wondrous things;  
The secret of the stars, of the world's heart-strings  
The answer to their woe.  
Then stoop thou upon him, and grip and hold him  
so!"

My wild soul waited on as falcons hover.  
I beat the reedy fens as I trampled past.  
I heard the mournful loon  
In the marsh beneath the moon.  
And then—with feathery thunder—the bird of my  
desire

Broke from the cover  
Flashing silver fire.  
High up among the stars I saw his pinions spire.

*The Falconer of God*

The pale clouds gazed aghast  
As my falcon stooped upon him, and gript and held him  
fast.

My soul dropt through the air—With heavenly  
plunder?—

Gripping the dazzling bird my dreaming knew?

Nay! but a piteous freight,

A dark and heavy weight

Despoiled of silver plumage, its voice forever  
stilled—

All of the wonder

Gone that ever filled

Its guise with glory. O bird that I have killed,

How brilliantly you flew

Across my rapturous vision when first I dreamed of  
you!

Yet I fling my soul on high with new endeavor,  
And I ride the world below with a joyful mind.

*I shall start a heron soon*

*In the marsh beneath the moon—*

*A wondrous silver heron its inner darkness fledges!*

I beat forever

The fens and the sedges.

The pledge is still the same—for all disastrous  
pledges,

All hopes resigned!

My soul still flies above me for the quarry it shall  
find!

## ODE

ARTHUR WILLIAM O'SHAUGHNESSY

We are the music-makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
And sitting by desolate streams;  
World-losers and world-forsakers,  
On whom the pale moon gleams:  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties  
We build up the world's great cities,  
And out of a fabulous story  
We fashion an empire's glory:  
One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying  
In the buried past of the earth,  
Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
And Babel itself with our mirth;  
And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
To the old of the new world's worth;  
For each age is a dream that is dying,  
Or one that is coming to birth.

*The Nut-Tree*

THE NUT-TREE

ANONYMOUS

I had a little nut-tree,  
Nothing would it bear,  
But a silver nutmeg,  
And a golden pear.  
The King of Spain's daughter  
Came to visit me,  
And all was because of  
My little nut-tree.  
I skipped over water  
I danced over sea,  
And all the birds in the air  
Could not catch me.

THE POET'S SONG

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,  
He passed by the town and out of the street;  
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,  
And waves of shadow went over the wheat;  
And he sat him down in a lonely place,  
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,  
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,  
And the lark drop down at his feet.

*The Poet's Song*

The swallow stopped as he hunted the fly,  
The snake slipped under a spray,  
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,  
And stared, with his foot on his prey;  
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,  
But never a one so gay,  
For he sings of what the world will be  
When the years have died away."

BEDOUIN SONG

BAYARD TAYLOR

From the desert I come to thee  
On a stallion shod with fire;  
And the winds are left behind  
In the speed of my desire.  
Under thy window I stand,  
And the midnight hears my cry;  
I love thee, I love but thee,  
With a love that shall not die  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

Look from thy window and see  
My passion and my pain;  
I lie on the sands below,  
And I faint in thy disdain.  
Let the night-winds touch thy brow

## *Bedouin Song*

With the heat of my burning sigh,  
And melt thee to hear the vow  
Of a love that shall not die  
    Till the sun grows cold,  
    And the stars are old,  
    And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

My steps are nightly driven  
By the fever in my breast,  
To hear from thy lattice breathed  
The word that shall give me rest.  
Open the door of thy heart,  
And open thy chamber door,  
And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
The love that shall fade no more  
    Till the sun grows cold,  
    And the stars are old,  
    And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

## EVENING

EMILY DICKINSON

**T**he Cricket sang,  
And set the sun,  
And workmen finished, one by one,  
Their seam the day upon.

The low grass loaded with the dew,  
The twilight stood as strangers do  
With hat in hand, polite and new,  
To stay as if, or go.

A vastness, as a neighbor, came—  
A wisdom without face or name,  
A peace, as hemispheres at home—  
And so the night became.

## ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

JOHN KEATS

**M**y heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My senses, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness,  
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
O, for a beaker full of the warm South!  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stainèd mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade into the forest dim:



## *Ode to a Nightingale*

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs;  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
Already with thee! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

*Ode to a Nightingale*

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
    In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown;  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
    The same that oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! Adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
    In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

*Pandora's Song*

PANDORA'S SONG

(From "*The Fire-Bringer*")

WILLIAM VAUGHAN MOODY

I

I stood within the heart of God;  
It seemed a place that I had known;  
(I was blood-sister to the clod,  
Blood-brother to the stone.)

I found my love and labor there,  
My house, my raiment, meat and wine,  
My ancient rage, my old despair,  
Yea, all things that were mine.

I saw the spring and summer pass,  
The trees grow bare, and winter come;  
All was the same as once it was  
Upon my hills at home.

Then suddenly in my own heart  
I felt God walk and gaze about;  
He spoke; His words seemed held apart  
With gladness and with doubt.

"Here is my meat and wine," He said  
"My love, my toil, my ancient care;  
Here is my cloak, my book, my bed,  
And here my old despair.

*Pandora's Song*

"Here are my seasons ; winter, spring  
Summer the same, and autumn spills  
The fruits I look for ; everything  
As on my heavenly hills."

II

Of wounds and sore defeat  
I made my battle stay  
Wingéd sandals for my feet  
I wove of my delay.  
Of weariness and fear  
I made my shouting spear ;  
Of loss and doubt, and dread,  
And swift oncoming doom  
I made a helmet for my head  
And a floating plume.  
From the shutting mist of death,  
From the failure of the breath  
I made a battle horn to blow  
Across the vales of overthrow.  
O hearken, love, the battle horn !  
The triumph clear, the silver scorn !  
Oh hearken when the echoes bring  
Down the grey disastrous morn  
Laughter and rallying !

III

Along the earth and up the sky  
The Fowler spreads his net :  
O soul, what pinions wild and shy  
Are on thy shoulders set ?

## *Pandora's Song*

What wings of longing undeterred  
Are native to thee, spirit bird?  
What sky is thine behind the sky,  
For refuge and for ecstasy?  
Of all thy heaven of clear delight  
Why is each heaven twain,  
O soul! that when the lure is cast  
Before thy heedless flight,  
And thou art snared and taken fast  
Within one sky of light,  
Behold, the net is empty, the cast is vain,  
And from thy circling in the other sky the lyric  
          laughters rain!

## PRELUDE

T. S. ELIOT

**T**he winter evening settles down  
With smells of steaks in passageways.  
Six o'clock.  
The burnt-out end of smoky days.  
And now a gusty shower wraps  
The grimy scraps  
Of withered leaves about your feet  
And newspapers from vacant lots;  
The showers beat  
On broken blinds and chimney-pots,  
And at the corner of the street  
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.  
And then the lighting of the lamps.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

LORD BYRON

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
This mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear her dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

*Piping Down the Valleys Wild*

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

WILLIAM BLAKE

Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he, laughing, said to me :

“Pipe a song about a lamb,”  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
“Piper, pipe that song again.”  
So I piped; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!”  
So I sung the song again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write,  
In a book that all may read.”  
So he vanished from my sight,  
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stained the water clear  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

**B**ehold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands;  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard,  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things  
And battles long ago;  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of today?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work,



*The Solitary Reaper*

And o'er the sickle bending;  
I listened, motionless and still;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD  
BLAST

ROBERT BURNS

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;  
Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
Thy bield should be my bosom,  
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
The desert were a Paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;  
Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
The brightest jewell in my crown  
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

## THE LONG VOYAGE

MALCOLM COWLEY

Not that the pines were darker there,  
nor mid-May dogwood brighter there,  
nor swifts more swift in summer air;  
it was my own country,

having its thunder-clap of spring,  
its long midsummer ripening,  
its corn hoar-stiff at harvesting,  
almost like any country,

yet being mine; its face, its speech,  
its hills bent low within my reach,  
its river birch and upland beech  
were mine, of my own country.

Now the dark waters at the bow  
fold back, like earth against the plow;  
foam brightens like the dogwood now  
at home, in my own country.

## THE OWL

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

When cats run home and light is come,  
And dew is cold upon the ground,  
And the far-off stream is dumb,

## *The Owl*

And the whirring sail goes round,  
And the whirring sail goes round;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch.  
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,  
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch  
Twice or thrice his roundelay,  
Twice or thrice his roundelay;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

## A SONNET

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

**T**he world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything we are out of tune;  
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S  
NATIVITY

JOHN MILTON

**T**his is the month, and this the happy morn  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, the Light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty  
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain  
To welcome Him to this His new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons  
    bright?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet;  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode

*Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*

And lay it lowly at His blessèd feet;  
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel quire  
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

A SONNET

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand  
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore  
Alone upon the threshold of my door  
Of individual life, I shall command  
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand  
Serenely in the sunshine as before,  
Without the sense of that which I forebore . . .  
Thy touch upon my palm. The widest land  
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine  
With pulses that beat double. What I do  
And what I dream include thee, as the wine  
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue  
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,  
And sees within my eyes, the tears of two.

TO A SKYLARK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from Heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
Thou dost float and run;  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of Heaven  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

*To a Skylark*

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is  
overflowed.

What thou are we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her  
bower:

Like a glowworm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its ærial hue  
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from  
the view:

Like a rose enbowered  
In its own green leaves,

*To a Skylark*

By warm winds beflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-  
wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine;  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chant,  
Matched with thine, would be all  
But an empty vaunt,  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields or waves or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of  
pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be;  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee;  
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.



*To a Skylark*

Waking or asleep  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream—  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal  
stream?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate and pride and fear;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know;  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow  
The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

## TRUE LOVE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:—  
    If this be error, and upon me proved,  
    I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

## TO THE EVENING STAR

WILLIAM BLAKE

Thou fair-haired Angel of the Evening,  
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light  
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown  
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!  
Smile on our loves; and while thou drawest the  
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew  
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes  
In timely sleep. Let thy West Wind sleep on

*To the Evening Star*

The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,  
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,  
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,  
And the lion glares through the dun forest:  
The fleeces of the flock are covered with  
Thy sacred dew; protect them with thine influence.

WHO WALKS WITH BEAUTY

DAVID MORTON

Who walks with beauty has no need of fear;  
The sun and moon and stars keep pace with him;  
Invisible hands restore the ruined year,  
And time itself grows beautifully dim.  
One hill will keep the footprints of the moon  
That came and went a hushed and secret hour;  
One star at dusk will yield the lasting boon;  
Remembered beauty's white immortal flower.

Who takes of beauty wine and daily bread  
Will know no lack when bitter years are lean;  
The brimming cup is by, the feast is spread;  
The sun and moon and stars his eyes have seen  
Are for his hunger and the thirst he slakes;  
The wine of beauty and the bread he breaks.

## WIND SONG

CARL SANDBURG

Long ago I learned how to sleep,  
In an old apple orchard where the wind swept by counting  
its money and throwing it away,  
In a wind-gaunt orchard where the limbs forked out and  
listened or never listened at all,  
In a passel of trees where the branches trapped the wind  
into whistling, "Who, who are you?"  
I slept with my head in an elbow on a summer afternoon  
and there I took a sleep lesson.  
There I went away saying: I know why they sleep, I  
know how they trap the tricky winds.  
Long ago I learned how to listen to the singing wind  
and how to forget and how to hear the deep whine,  
Slapping and lapsing under the day blue and the night  
stars:

Who, who are you?  
Who can ever forget  
listening to the wind go by  
counting its money  
and throwing it away?

## DOVER BEACH

MATTHEW ARNOLD

The sea is calm tonight.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,

## *Dover Beach*

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.  
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!  
Only, from the long line of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,  
Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling  
At their return, upon the high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago  
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought  
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
Of human misery; we  
Find also in the sound a thought,  
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.  
The Sea of Faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's  
    shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating, to the breath  
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.  
Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle  
    and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS

JOHN MILTON

When I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest He returning chide—  
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?  
I fondly ask; but Patience to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state  
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:  
They also serve who only stand and wait.

## THE FIFTEEN ACRES

JAMES STEPHENS

I

I cling and swing  
On a branch, or sing  
Through the cool clear hush of morning O!

Or fling my wing  
On the air, and bring  
To sleepier birds a warning O!

## *The Fifteen Acres*

That the night's in flight!  
And the sun's in sight!  
And the dew is the grass adorning O!

And the green leaves swing  
As I sing, sing, sing:  
Up by the river,  
Down the dell,  
To the little wee nest,  
Where the big tree fell,  
So early in the morning O!

## II

I flit and twit  
In the sun for a bit,  
When his light so bright is shining O!

Or sit and fit  
My plumes, or knit  
Straw plaits for the nest's nice lining O!

And she, with glee,  
Shows unto me,  
Underneath her wing reclining O!

And I sing that Peg  
Has an egg, egg, egg!  
Up by the oat field,  
Round the mill:  
Past the meadow,  
Down the hill;  
So early in the morning O!

III

I stoop and swoop  
On the air, or loop  
Through the trees, and then go soaring O!

To group, with a troop,  
On the skiey poop,  
While the wind behind is roaring O!

I skim and swim  
By a cloud's red rim;  
And up to the azure flooring O!

And my wide wings drip,  
As I slip, slip, slip,  
Down through the rain drops,  
Back where Peg  
Broods in the nest  
On the little white egg,  
So early in the morning O!

“BE NOT AFRAID . . .”

ROBERT NATHAN

Be not afraid because the sun goes down;  
It brings the sunset and the plover's cry.  
Before the colors of the evening drown,  
The stars will make new colors in the sky.  
Night is no enemy. She passes by,  
And shows us silence for our own heart's good;



*"Be Not Afraid . . ."*

For while we sleep, the roses multiply,  
The little tree grows taller in the wood.  
Fear not the night; the morning follows soon.  
Each has his task to make the earth more fair.  
It is by these, by midnight and by noon,  
That she grows ripper and her orchards bear.  
Her fields would wither in a sun too bright;  
They need the darkness, too. Fear not the night.

A SONG IN PRAISE OF THE LORD  
OF HEAVEN AND EARTH  
(*An Ancient Spiritual Folk Song*)

Sky so bright  
Blue and light,  
Stars how many hast thou?  
*Countless stars.*

Countless times  
Shall our God be praised now.

Forest green,  
Cool, serene,  
Leaves how many hast thou?  
*Countless leaves.*

Countless times  
Shall our God be praised now.

Deepest sea,  
Wide and free,  
Waves how many hast thou?  
*Countless waves*

Countless times  
Shall our God be praised now.

*A Song in Praise of the Lord of Heaven and Earth*

Eternity,  
Eternity,  
Hours how many has thou?

*Countless hours.*

Countless times  
Shall our God be praised now,  
Shall our God be praised now.



Part Two

THE PIPES OF PAN



*When stars into the twilight steer,  
Or thrushes build among the may,  
Or wonder moves between the hills . . .*

John Drinkwater



## SONG FROM PIPPA PASSES

ROBERT BROWNING

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd,  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world!

## THE ECHOING GREEN

WILLIAM BLAKE

The sun does arise,  
And make happy the skies;  
The merry bells ring  
To welcome the Spring;  
The skylark and the thrush,  
The birds of the bush,  
Sing louder around  
To the bells cheerful sound,  
While our sports shall be seen  
On the Echoing Green.

## *The Echoing Green*

Old John, with white hair,  
Does laugh away care,  
Sitting under the oak,  
Among the old folk,  
They laugh at our play,  
And soon they all say:  
"Such, such were the joys  
When we all, girls and boys,  
In our youth time were seen  
On the Echoing Green."

Till the little ones, weary,  
No more can be merry;  
The sun does descend,  
And our sports have an end.  
Round the laps of their mothers  
Many sisters and brothers,  
Like birds in their nest,  
Are ready for rest,  
And sport no more seen  
On the darkening Green.

## A CHANTED CALENDAR

SYDNEY DOBELL

First came the primrose,  
On the bank high,  
Like a maiden looking forth  
From the window of a tower  
When the battle rolls below,  
So look'd she,  
And saw the storms go by.

Then came the wind-flower  
In the valley left behind,  
As a wounded maiden, pale  
With purple streaks of woe,  
When the battle has roll'd by  
Wanders to and fro,  
So totter'd she,  
Dishevell'd in the wind.

Then came the daisies,  
On the first of May,  
Like a banner'd show's advance  
While the crowd runs by the way,  
With ten thousand flowers about them  
    they came trooping  
Through the fields.  
As a happy people come,  
So came they,  
As a happy people come  
When the war has roll'd away,  
With dances and tabor, pipe and drum,  
And all make holiday.

Then came the cowslip,  
Like a dancer in the fair,  
She spread her little mat of green,  
And on it danced she,  
With a fillet bound about her brow,  
A fillet round her happy brow,  
A golden fillet round her brow,  
And rubies in her hair.



NATURE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

I

Winters know  
Easily to shed the snow,  
And the untaught Spring is wise  
In cowslips and anemonies.  
Nature, hating art and pains,  
Baulks and baffles plotting brains;  
Casualty and Surprise  
Are the apples of her eyes;  
But she dearly loves the poor,  
And, by marvel of her own,  
Strikes the loud pretender down.  
For Nature listens in the rose,  
And harkens in the berry's bell,  
To help her friends, to plague her foes,  
And like wise God she judges well.  
Yet doth much her love excel  
To the souls that never fell,  
To swains that live in happiness,  
And do well because they please,  
Who walk in ways that are unfamed,  
And feats achieve before they're named.

II

She is gamesome and good,  
But of mutable mood,  
No dreary repeater now and again,  
She will be all things to men.

She who is old, but nowise feeble,  
Pours her power into the people,  
Merry and manifold without bar,  
Makes and moulds them what they are,  
And what they call their city way  
Is not their way, but hers,  
And what they say they made today  
They learned of the oaks and firs.  
She spawneth men as mallows fresh,  
Hero and maiden, flesh of her flesh;  
She drugs her water and her wheat  
With the flavor she finds meet,  
And gives them what to drink and eat;  
And having thus their bread and growth,  
They do her bidding, nothing loath.  
What 's most theirs is not their own,  
But borrowed in atoms from iron and stone,  
And in their vaunted works of Art  
The master-stroke is still her part.

## AN APRIL MORNING

BLISS CARMAN

Once more in misted April  
The world is growing green.  
Along the winding river  
The plumey willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows  
The looming mountains rise,  
Like battlements of dreamland  
Against the brooding skies.

*An April Morning*

In every wooded valley  
The buds are breaking through,  
As though the heart of all things  
No languor ever knew.

The golden-wings and bluebirds  
Call to their heavenly choirs.  
The pines are blued and drifted  
With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden  
Where little breezes run,  
The golden daffodillies  
Are blowing in the sun.

SUMMER TIME ON BREDON

A. E. HOUSMAN

In summer time on Bredon  
The bells they sound so clear;  
Round both the shires they ring them  
In steeples far and near,  
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning  
My love and I would lie,  
And see the coloured counties,  
And hear the larks so high  
About us in the sky.

*Summer Time on Bredon*

The bells would ring to call her  
In valleys miles away:  
"Come all to church, good people;  
Good people, come and pray."  
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer  
Among the springing thyme,  
"Oh, peal upon our wedding,  
And we will hear the chime,  
And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas  
On Bredon top were strown,  
My love rose up so early  
And stole out unbeknown  
And went to church alone.

They tolled the one bell only,  
Groom there was none to see.  
The mourners followed after,  
And so to church went she,  
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,  
And still the steeples hum.  
"Come all to church, good people,"—  
Oh noisy bells, be dumb;  
I hear you, I will come.

DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd—  
A host of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle in the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay;  
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company;  
I gazed and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

PAN WITH US

ROBERT FROST

Pan came out of the woods one day,  
His skin and his hair and his eyes were gray,  
The gray of the moss of walls were they,  
And stood in the sun and looked his fill  
At wooded valley and wooded hill.

*Pan With Us*

He stood in the zephyr, pipes in hand,  
On a height of naked pasture land;  
In all the country he did command  
    He saw no smoke and he saw no roof.  
    That was well! and he stamped a hoof.

His heart knew peace, for none came here  
To this lean feeding save once a year  
Someone to salt the half-wild steer,  
    Or homespun children with clicking pails  
    Who see so little they tell no tales.

He tossed his pipes, too hard to teach  
A new-world song, far out of reach,  
For a sylvan sign that the blue jay's screech  
    And the whimper of hawks beside the sun  
    Were music enough for him, for one.

Times were changed from what they were:  
Such pipes kept less of power to stir  
The fruited boughs of the juniper  
    And the fragile bluets clustered there  
    Than the merest aimless breath of air.

They were pipes of pagan mirth,  
And the world had found new terms of worth.  
He laid him down on the sun-burned earth  
    And ravelled a flower and looked away—  
    Play? Play? What should he play?

## A LITTLE GARDEN

AMY LOWELL

A little garden on a bleak hillside  
Where deep the heavy, dazzling mountain snow  
Lies far into the Spring. The sun's pale glow  
Is scarcely able to make patches wide  
About the single rosebush. All denied  
Of Nature's tender ministries. But no,—  
For wonder-working faith has made it blow  
With flowers many hued and starry-eyed.  
Here sleeps the sun long, idle summer hours;  
Here butterflies and bees fare far to rove  
Amid the crumpled leaves of poppy flowers;  
Here four-o'clocks, to the passionate night above  
Fling whiffs of perfume, like pale incense showers.  
A little garden, loved with a great love!

## MY GARDEN

THOMAS E. BROWN

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!  
Rose plot,  
Fringed pool,  
Ferned grot—  
The veriest school  
Of Peace; and yet the fool  
Contentends that God is not—  
Not God? In gardens? When the eve is cool?  
Nay, but I have a sign;  
'Tis very sure God walks in mine!



*Old Gardener Time*

OLD GARDENER TIME

RACHEL FIELD

Old Gardener Time is abroad tonight,  
Shuffling through leaves that fell all day.  
Out in the dark I can hear his broom  
Secretly sweeping the gold and gay;  
The pointed scarlet; the rusty brown  
In piles that smolder, while crickets shrill,  
And summer is only a faint, sweet thread  
Of dusty smoke at the window sill.  
Warm is my pillow and dreams beguile.  
I lie secure in a quiet room,  
But old Gardener Time is abroad tonight  
In the frosty dark with his tireless broom.

MY MASTER HATH A GARDEN

ANONYMOUS

My master hath a garden, full-filled with  
divers flowers,  
Where thou mayest gather posies gay, all  
times and hours,  
Here naught is heard  
But paradise-bird,  
Harp, dulcimer and lute,  
With cymbal  
And timbrel,  
And the gentle sounding flute.

*My Master Hath a Garden*

Oh! Jesus, Lord, my heal and weal, my  
    bliss complete,  
Make thou my heart thy garden-plot, true,  
    fair and neat  
    That I may hear  
    This music clear,  
    Harp, dulcimer and lute,  
        With cymbal,  
        And timbrel  
    And the gentle sounding flute.

KINGCUPS

ELEANOR FARJEON

When Spring revives in Arun's veins,  
And she grows restless day by day  
With rushing storms of silver rains  
And speedy tides a league away,  
And smells beneath her waving trees  
The salt adventure of the seas:

Beneath her level banks she brims,  
And all the meadow overwhelms  
Till solid earth in ocean swims,  
And huddled cows beneath the elms  
Keep to their trodden path of mud  
And watch their pastures under flood.

But when my lovely country lies  
Drowned in high waters and sweet scents,  
Above the floods the kingcups rise  
In golden isles and continents,

## *Kingcups*

Like an imagined world that leaps  
To sight on momentary deeps.

Then through those deeps of blue and steel,  
Where grasses like Pacific weeds  
Hide many an ancient hulk and keel  
Of ships unhistoried with their deeds,  
And tiny flowers submerged lie plain  
Like sunken wonders of the main :

A giant adventurer I wade  
To conquest of the golden lands  
Knee-deep in ocean unafraid,  
Amassing treasure with my hands,  
Watched by astonished red-eyed cows  
Banished from worlds they used to browse.

Not Cortez had such wealth as mine  
When on the fabulous floods for miles  
The kingcups make the daylight shine  
With golden continents and isles,  
And Spring outpours through Arun's streams  
Her deluge of remembered dreams.

## TO DAFFODILS

ROBERT HERRICK

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained his noon.  
Stay, stay,

Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the evensong;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything.  
We die  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away  
Like to the summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew  
Ne'er to be found again.

## I SAW IN LOUISIANA A LIVE-OAK GROWING

WALT WHITMAN

**I** saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing,  
All alone stood it and the moss hung down from the  
branches,  
Without any companion it grew there uttering joyous  
leaves of dark green,  
And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me think of  
myself,  
But I wonder'd how it could utter joyous leaves standing  
alone there without its friend near, for I knew I  
could not,

*I Saw in Louisiana a Live-Oak Growing*

And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves  
    upon it, and twined around it a little moss,  
And brought it away, and I have placed it in sight in my  
    room,  
It is not needed to remind me as of my own dear friends  
(For I believe lately I think of little else than of them),  
Yet it remains to me a curious token, it makes me think  
    of manly love;  
For all that, and though the live-oak glistens there in  
    Louisiana solitary in a wide flat space,  
Uttering joyous leaves all its life without a friend a  
    lover near,  
I know very well I could not.

A CATCH FOR SPRING

ROBERT NICHOLS

Now has the blue-eyed Spring  
Sped dancing through the plain.  
Girls weave a daisy chain;  
Boys race beside the sedge;  
Dust fills the blinding lane;  
May lies upon the hedge;  
    All creatures love the Spring!

The clouds laugh on, and would  
Dance with us if they could;  
The larks ascend and shrill;  
A woodpecker fills the wood;  
Jays laugh crossing the hill;  
    All creatures love the Spring!

*A Catch for Spring*

The lithe cloud-shadows chase  
Over the whole earth's face,  
And where winds ruffling veer  
O'er wooded streams' dark ways  
Mad fish unscudding steer;  
All creatures love the Spring!

Run, girls, to drink thick cream!  
Race, boys, to where the stream  
Winds through a rumbling pool,  
And your bright bodies fling  
Into the foaming cool!  
For we'll enjoy our Spring!

PRAISE OF CREATED THINGS

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

**B**e Thou praised, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,  
Above all, Brother Sun, who gives the day and lightens  
us therewith.

And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendor,  
of Thee, Most High, he bears similitude.

Be Thou praised, my Lord, of Sister Moon and the  
stars,

In the heaven hast Thou formed them,  
Clear and precious and comely.

Be Thou praised, my Lord, of Brother Wind,  
And of the air and the cloud and of fair and all weather,  
By which Thou givest Thy creatures sustenance.

*Praise of Created Things*

Be Thou praised, my Lord, of Sister Water,  
Which is much useful and humble and precious and pure.  
Be Thou praised, my Lord, of Brother Fire,  
By which thou has lightened the night,  
And he is beautiful and joyful and robust and strong.

Be Thou praised, my Lord, of our Sister Mother Earth,  
Which sustains and hath us in rule,  
And produces divers fruits with colored flowers, and  
herbs.

Be Thou praised, my Lord, of those who pardon for  
Thy love  
And endure sickness and tribulations.  
Blessed are they who will endure it in peace  
For by Thee, Most High, they shall be crowned.

Be Thou praised, my Lord, for our Sister Bodily Death  
From Whom no living man may escape.  
Woe to those who die in mortal sin.

Blessed are they who are found in Thy most holy will,  
For the second death shall not work them ill.

Praise ye and bless my Lord and give Him thanks,  
And serve Him with great humility.

AN AUTUMNAL EVENING

WILLIAM SHARP

Deep black against the dying glow  
The tall elms stand; the rooks are still;  
No windbreath makes the faintest thrill  
Amongst the leaves; the fields below  
Are vague and dim in twilight shades—  
Only the bats wheel in their raids  
On the grey flies, and silently  
Great dusky moths go flitting by.

SUNRISE ON RYDAL WATER

JOHN DRINKWATER

Come down at dawn from windless hills  
Into the valley of the lake,  
Where yet a larger quiet fills  
The hour, and mist and water make  
With rocks and reeds and island boughs  
One silence and one element,  
Where wonder goes surely as once  
It went  
    By Galilean prow.

Moveless the water and the mist,  
Moveless the secret air above,  
Hushed, as upon some happy tryst  
The poised expectancy of love;



*Sunrise on Rydal Water*

What spirit is it that adores  
What mighty presence yet unseen?  
What consummation works apace  
Between

These rapt enchanted shores?

Never did virgin beauty wake  
Devouter to the bridal feast  
Than moves this hour upon the lake  
In adoration to the east;  
Here is the bride a god may know,  
The primal will, the young consent,  
Till surely upon the appointed mood  
Intent

The god shall leap—and, Lo,

Over the lake's end strikes the sun,  
White, flameless fire; some purity  
Thrilling the mist, a splendour won  
Out of the world's heart. Let there be  
Thoughts, and atonements and desires,  
Proud limbs, and undeliberate tongue,  
Where now we move with mortal care  
Among

Immortal dews and fires.

So the old mating goes apace,  
Wind with the sea, and blood with thought,  
Lover with lover; and the grace  
Of understanding comes unsought  
When stars into the twilight steer,  
Or thrushes build among the may,  
Or wonder moves between the hills,  
And day

Comes up on Rydal Mere.

LINES FROM "THE EVERLASTING  
MERCY"

JOHN MASEFIELD

By this the sun was all one glitter,  
The little birds were all in twitter;  
Out of a tuft a little lark  
Went higher up than I could mark,  
His little throat was all one thirst  
To sing until his heart should burst,  
To sing aloft in golden light  
His song from blue air out of sight.  
The mist drove by, and now the cows  
Came plodding up to milking house.  
Followed by Frank, the Callow's cowman,  
Who whistled, "Adam was a ploughman."  
There came such cawing from the rooks,  
Such running chuck from little brooks,  
One thought it March, just budding green,  
With hedgerows full of celandine.  
An otter 'out of stream and played,  
Two hares came loping up and stayed;  
Wide-eyed and tender-eared, but bold.  
Sheep bleated up by Penny's fold.  
I heard a partridge covey call,  
The morning sun was bright on all.  
Down the long slope the plough-team drove.  
The tossing rooks arose and hove.  
A stone struck on the 'share. A word  
Came to the team. The red earth stirred.

LINES FROM "SNOWBOUND"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The grey day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirlwind of the blinding storm,  
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,  
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow.  
And ere the early bed-time came  
The white drift piled the window frame,  
And through the dark the clothes-line posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on;  
The morning broke without a sun;  
In tiny spherule traced with lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
In starry flake, and pellicle,  
All day the hoary meteor fell;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No clouds above, no earth below,—  
A universe of sky and snow!

The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers  
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;

*Lines From "Snowbound"*

A smooth white mound the brush pile showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was road;  
The bridle-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

RUDYARD KIPLING

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting  
winds are loose—  
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;  
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues,  
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!  
Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched  
the black-tail mating?  
Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?  
Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouana-  
niche is waiting,  
Or the sea-trout's jumping crazy for the fly?

*He must go—go—go away from here!  
On the other side the world he's overdue.  
'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring  
fret comes o'er you,  
And the Red Gods call for you!*

## *The Feet of the Young Men*

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow  
    round the bow,  
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;  
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose  
    waits the cow,  
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.  
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath  
    heard the birch-log burning?  
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?  
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's  
    feet are turning  
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.

*Let him go—go, etc.*

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know the  
    racing stream  
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;  
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may  
    bask and dream  
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?  
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and  
    races,  
To a silent, smokey Indian that we know—  
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on  
    our faces,  
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

*They must go—go, etc.*

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are steep  
    and short,  
Where the bluff lea-boarded fishing-luggers ride?  
Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of  
    your port  
On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?

*The Feet of the Young Men*

It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale  
her—

Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.

He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail  
and sail her,

For the Red Gods call me out, and I must go!

*He must go—go, etc.*

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-deal-  
ers trade—

Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?

Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented  
glade

When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap  
through?

It is there that I am going, with my camphor, net, and  
boxes,

To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—

To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-  
foxes,

For the Red Gods call me out, and I must go.

*He must go—go, etc.*

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know  
that windy rift

Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change?

Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on  
frozen drift,

While the head of heads is feeding out of range?

It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the  
snow lie,

With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.

I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the horns of Ovis  
Poli,

*The Feet of the Young Men*

And the Red Gods call me out and I must go.

*He must go—go, etc.*

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the Smokes  
of Council rise—

Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they  
choose—

Now the girths and ropes are tested; now they pack  
their last supplies;

Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues!

Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light  
them to that shrine?

Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?

Unto each the voice and vision; unto each his spoor and  
sign—

Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath  
'neath the Line

And to each a man that knows his naked soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting as a  
lover,

Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—

Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring  
flats discover—

Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-boats  
bring the rover—

Where the rails run out in sand-drift. . . .

Quick! ah, heave the camp-kit over,

For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

*And we go—go—go away from here!*

*On the other side of the world we're overdue!*

*'Send the road is clear before you when the old*

*Spring-fret comes o'er you,*

*And the Red Gods call for you!*

## A VAGABOND SONG

BLISS CARMAN

There is something in the autumn that is native  
to my blood

Touch of manner, hint of mood;  
And my heart is like a rhyme,  
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson  
keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry  
Of bugles going by,  
And my lonely spirit thrills  
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood  
astir;  
We must rise and follow her,  
When from each hill of flame  
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

## TEWKESBURY ROAD

JOHN MASEFIELD

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows  
not where,  
Going through meadow and village, one knows not  
whither or why;  
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen,  
cool rush of the air,



## *Tewkesbury Road*

Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift  
of the sky.

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green  
fern at the brink,  
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the fox-  
gloves purple and white;  
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer troop down to the  
brook to drink,  
Where the stars are mellow and large at the coming  
of the night.

O, to feel the beat of rain, and the homely smell of  
the earth,  
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of  
words;  
And the blessed green comely meadows are all a-ripple  
with mirth  
At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear wild cry  
of the birds.

## THE SEA GYPSY

RICHARD HOVEY

I am fevered with the sunset,  
I am fretful with the bay,  
For the wander-thirst is on me  
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,  
With her top-sails shot with fire,

And my heart has gone aboard her  
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again tomorrow!  
With the sunset I must be,  
Hull down on the trail of rapture  
In the wonder of the Sea.

## HILLS

HILDA CONKLING

**T**he hills are going somewhere;  
They have been on the way a long time.  
They are like camels in a line  
But they move more slowly.  
Sometimes at sunset they carry silks,  
But most of the time silver birch trees,  
Heavy rocks, heavy trees, gold leaves  
On heavy branches till they are aching. . . .  
Birches like silver bars they can hardly lift  
With grass so thick about their feet to hinder. . . .  
They have not gone far  
In the time I've watched them. . . .

SEA FEVER

JOHN MASEFIELD

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and  
the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white  
sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn  
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the  
running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-  
gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy  
life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's  
like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-  
rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's  
over.

*Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY  
EVENING

ROBERT FROST

W hose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy winds and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

WINTER

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

W hen icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,

*Winter*

When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
    To-whit!  
    To-who! A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
    To-whit!  
    To-who! A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

## Part Three

# ENCHANTMENT



*A song of enchantment I sang me there  
In the green, green woods by waters fair,  
Just as the words came up to me,  
I sang them under the wild-wood tree.*

Walter de la Mare



## THE OTHERS

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

From our hidden places  
By a secret path,  
We troop in the moonlight  
To the edge of the green rath.

There the night through  
We take our pleasure,  
Dancing to such a measure  
As earth never knew.

To dance and lilt  
And song without a name,  
So sweetly chanted  
'Twould put a bird to shame.

And many a young maiden  
Is there of mortal birth  
Her young eyes laden  
With dreams of earth.



## *The Others*

And many a youth entrancèd  
Moves slow in the dreamy round,  
His brave lost feet enchanted  
In the rhythm of elfin sound.

Music so forest wild  
And piercing sweet would bring  
Silence on blackbirds singing  
Their best in the ear of Spring.

And now they pause in their dancing  
And look with troubled eyes,  
Earth's straying children  
With sudden memory wise.

They pause and their eyes in the moonlight  
With faery wisdom cold,  
Grow dim, and a thought goes fluttering  
In hearts no longer old.

And then the dream forsakes them,  
And singing they turn anew  
As the whispering music takes them  
To the dance of the elfin crew.

Oh, many a thrush and blackbird  
Would fall to the dewy ground  
And pine away in silence  
For envy of such a sound.

So the night through  
In our sad pleasure  
We dance to many a measure  
That earth never knew.

WILL EVER?

WALTER DE LA MARE

Will he ever be weary of wandering,  
The flaming sun?  
Ever weary of waning in lovelight,  
The white, still moon?  
Will ever a shepherd come  
With a crook of simple gold,  
And lead all the little stars  
Like lambs to the fold?

Will ever the Wanderer sail  
From over the sea,  
Up the river of water,  
To the stones to me?  
Will he take us all into his ship,  
Dreaming, and waft us far,  
To where in the clouds of the West  
The Islands are?

FAIRY LAND

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Over hill, over dale,  
Through bush, through brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Through flood, through fire,  
I do wander everywhere,

## *Fairy Land*

Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green;  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours;  
I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

## THIS IS THE KEY

ANONYMOUS

**T**his is the Key of the Kingdom:  
In that Kingdom is a city;  
In that city is a town;  
In that town there is a street;  
In that street there winds a lane;  
In that lane there is a yard;  
In that yard there is a house;  
In that house there waits a room;  
In that room an empty bed;  
And on that bed a basket—  
A Basket of Sweet Flowers:  
Of Flowers, of Flowers;  
A Basket of Sweet Flowers.

Flowers in a Basket;  
Basket on the bed;  
Bed in the chamber;

*This Is the Key*

Chamber in the house;  
House in the weedy yard;  
Yard in the winding lane;  
Lane in the broad street;  
Street in the high town;  
Town in the city;  
City in the Kingdom—  
This is the Key of the Kingdom;  
Of the Kingdom this is the Key.

FAERIES' SONG

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

**T**he wind blows out of the gates of the day,  
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,  
And the lonely of heart is withered away,  
While the faeries dance in a place apart,  
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,  
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;  
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing  
Of a land where even the old are fair,  
And even the wise are merry of tongue;  
But I heard a reed of Coolany say,  
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,  
The lonely of heart is withered away."

*Sir Roderic's Song*

SIR RODERIC'S SONG

W. S. GILBERT

When the night wind howls in the chimney cowl, and  
the bat in the moonlight flies,  
And inky clouds, like funeral shrouds, sail over the mid-  
night skies.

When the footpads quail at the night-birds wail, and  
black dogs bay at the moon,  
Then is the spectres' holiday, then is the ghosts' high-  
noon!

As the sob of the breeze sweeps over the trees, and the  
mists lie low on the fen,  
From gray tomb-stones are gathered the bones that once  
were women and men,  
And away they go, with a mop and mow, to the revel  
that ends too soon,  
For cockcrow limits our holiday—the dead of the night's  
high-noon!

And then each ghost with his lady-toast to their church-  
yard beds takes flight,  
With a kiss, perhaps, on her lantern chaps, and a grisly,  
grim "good-night";  
Till the welcome knell of the midnight bell rings forth  
its jolliest tune,  
And ushers in our next high holiday—the dead of the  
night's high-noon!

## THE MOCKING FAIRY

WALTER DE LA MARE

W on't you look out of your window, Mrs. Gill?"  
Quoth the Fairy, nidding, nodding in the garden;  
"Can't you look out of your window, Mrs. Gill?"  
Quoth the Fairy, laughing softly in the garden;  
But the air was still, the cherry boughs were still,  
And the ivy-tod 'neath the empty sill,  
And never from her window looked out Mrs. Gill  
On the Fairy shrilly mocking in the garden.

"What have they done with you, you poor Mrs.  
Gill?"  
Quoth the Fairy, brightly glancing in the garden;  
"Where have they hidden you, you poor old Mrs.  
Gill?"  
Quoth the Fairy dancing lightly in the garden;  
But night's faint veil now wrapped the hill,  
Stark 'neath the stars stood the dead-still Mill,  
And out of her cold cottage never answered Mrs.  
Gill  
The Fairy mimbling mambling in the garden.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

JOHN KEATS

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel's granery is full,  
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew,  
And on thy cheek a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful—a fairy's child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets, too, and fragrant zone;  
She look'd at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For sidelong would she lean, and sing,  
A fairy's song.

*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew,  
And sure in language strange she said—  
“I love thee true.”

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,  
And there I dream'd—ah, woe betide.  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
They cried—“*La Belle Dame sans Merci*  
Hath thee in thrall!”

I saw their starved lips in the gloam  
With horrid warning gapèd wide—  
And I awoke, and found me here,  
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake  
And no birds sing.



THE NECKAN

MATTHEW ARNOLD

In summer, on the headlands,  
The Baltic Sea along,  
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,  
And sings his plaintive song.

Green rolls beneath the headlands,  
Green rolls the Baltic Sea,  
And there, below the Neckan's feet  
His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,  
Its shells and roses pale,  
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings;  
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,  
And sings a mournful stave  
Of all he saw and felt on earth,  
Far from the green sea wave.

Sings how, a knight, he wandered  
By castle, field and town.  
But earthly knights have harder hearts  
Than the Sea Children own.

Sings of his earthly bridal,  
Priests, knights and ladies gay.  
"And who art thou," the priest began,  
"Sir Knight, who wedd'st today?"

"I am no knight," he answered;  
"From the sea waves I come."  
The knights drew swords, the ladies screamed,  
The surpliced priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel  
He vanished with his bride,  
And bore her down to the sea halls,  
Beneath the salt sea tide.

He sings how she sits weeping  
'Mid shells that round her lie.  
"False Neckan shares my bed," she weeps;  
"No Christian mate have I."

He sings how through the billows  
He rose to earth again,  
And sought a priest to sign the cross  
That Neckan Heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,  
Beneath the birch trees cool,  
He sate and played his harp of gold  
Beside the river pool.

Beside the pool sate Neckan,  
Tears filled his cold blue eye.  
On his white mule, across the bridge,  
A cassocked priest rode by.

"Why sitt'st thou there, O Neckan,  
And play'st thy harp of gold?  
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves  
Than thou shall Heaven behold."

## *The Neckan*

The cassocked priest rode onwards,  
And vanished with his mule.  
And Neckan in the twilight gray  
Wept by the river pool.

In summer, on the headlands,  
The Baltic Sea along,  
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,  
And sings his plaintive song.

## THE HORNS OF ELFLAND

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

**T**he splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story;  
The long light shakes across the lakes  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;  
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river;  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying!

HALLOWE'EN

HARRY BEHN

Tonight is the night  
When dead leaves fly  
Like witches on switches  
Across the sky,  
When elf and sprite  
Flit through the night  
On a moony sheen.

Tonight is the night  
When leaves make a sound  
Like a gnome in his home  
Under the ground,  
When spooks and trolls  
Creep out of holes  
Mossy and green.

Tonight is the night  
When pumpkins stare  
Through sheaves and leaves  
Everywhere,  
When ghoul and ghost  
And goblin host  
Dance round their queen.  
It's Hallowe'en.

ALULVAN

WALTER DE LA MARE

The sun is clear of bird and cloud,  
The grass shines windless, grey and still,  
In dusky ruin the owl dreams on,  
The cuckoo echoes on the hill;  
    Yet soft along Alulvan walks  
    The ghost at noonday stalks.

His eyes in shadow of his hat  
Stare on the ruins of his house;  
His cloak, up-fastened with a brooch,  
Of faded velvet, grey as mouse,  
    Brushed the roses as he goes:  
    Yet wavers not one rose.

The wild birds in a cloud fly up  
From their sweet feeding in the fruit;  
The droning of the bees and flies  
Rises gradual as a lute;  
    Is it for fear the birds are flown,  
    And shrills the insect-drone?

Thick is the ivy o'er Alulvan,  
And crisp with summer heat its turf;  
For, far across its empty pastures  
Alulvan's sands are white with surf:  
    And he himself is grey as the sea,  
    Watching beneath an elder tree.

All night the fretful, shrill Banshee  
Lurks in the chambers' dark festoons,  
Calling forever, o'er garden and river,

Through magpie changing of the moons :  
    "Alulvan, O, alas, ! Alulvan,  
        The doom of lone Alulvan !"

## A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

What was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river ?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river.  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flowed the river,  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river)  
Then drew the pith like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,

## *A Musical Instrument*

Then notched the poor dry empty thing  
In holes as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,  
(Laughed as he sate by the river)

"The only way since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed."  
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,  
Piercing sweet by the river.  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan.  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan  
To laugh, as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man.  
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain—  
For the reed that grows never more again  
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

## THE FIELD MOUSE

WILLIAM SHARP

When the moon shines o'er the corn  
And the beetle drones his horn,  
And the flittermice swift fly,  
And the nightjars swooping cry,  
And the young hares run and leap,  
We waken from our sleep.

*The Field Mouse*

And we climb with tiny feet  
And we munch the green corn sweet  
With startled eyes for fear  
The white owl should fly near,  
Or long slim weasel spring  
Upon us where we swing.

We do no hurt at all;  
Is there not room for all  
Within the happy world?  
All day we lie close curled  
In drowsy sleep, nor rise  
Till through the dusky skies  
The moon shines o'er the corn  
And the beetle drones his horn.

THE SANDS OF DEE

CHARLES KINGSLEY

*The purple sands of Dee, on the north coast of Wales, at low tide stretch far into the sea and are said to be full of treacherous quicksands.*

O Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
Across the sands of Dee."

The western wind was wild and dank with foam  
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see.



## *The Sands of Dee*

The rolling mist came down and hid the land;  
And never home came she.

Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—  
A tress of golden hair,  
A drownèd maiden's hair,  
Above the nets at sea?  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Among the stakes of Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea.  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,  
Across the sands of Dee.

## THE FAIRIES

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap  
And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes

## *The Fairies*

Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs  
All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
The old King sits;  
He is now so old and grey  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkil he crosses.  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back  
Between the night and morrow,  
They thought that she was fast asleep  
But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since  
Deep within the lake,  
On a bed of flag-leaves,  
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,  
Through the mosses bare,

*The Fairies*

They have planted thorn-trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring  
As dig them up in spite,  
He shall find their sharpest thorns  
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather.

LYDIA IS GONE THIS MANY A YEAR

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Lydia is gone this many a year,  
Yet when the lilacs stir,  
In the old gardens far or near,  
This house is full of her.

They climb the twisted chamber stair;  
Her picture haunts the room;  
On the carved shelf beneath it there,  
They heap the purple bloom.

A ghost so long has Lydia been,  
Her cloak upon the wall,  
Broidered, and gilt, and faded green,  
Seems not her cloak at all.

*Lydia Is Gone This Many a Year*

The book, the box on the mantel laid,  
The shells in a pale row,  
Are those of some dim little maid,  
A thousand years ago.

And yet the house is full of her,  
She goes and comes again;  
And longings thrill, and memories stir,  
Like lilacs in the rain.

Out in their yards the neighbors walk,  
Among the blossoms tall;  
Of Anne, of Phyllis do they talk,  
Of Lydia not at all.



# Part Four

# STORIES



*. . . . Cometh unto you with a tale  
which holdeth children from play, and old  
men from the chimney-corner.*

Sir Philip Sidney



## MARTHA

WALTER DE LA MARE

Once . . . once upon a time . . ."  
Over and over again,  
Martha would tell us her stories,  
In the hazel glen.

Hers were those clear grey eyes  
You watch, and the story seems  
Told by their beautifulness  
Tranquil as dreams.

She would sit with her two slim hands  
Clasped round her bended knees;  
While we on our elbows lolled,  
And stared at ease.

Her voice and her narrow chin,  
Her grave small lovely head,  
Seemed half the meaning  
Of the words she said.

"Once . . . once upon a time. . ."  
Like a dream you dream in the night,  
Fairies and gnomes stole out  
In the leaf-green light.



*Martha*

And her beauty far away  
Would fade, as her voice ran on,  
Till hazel and summer sun  
And all were gone;—

All fordone and forgot;  
And like clouds in the height of the sky,  
Our hearts stood still in the hush  
Of an age gone by.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I

On either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And thro' the field the road runs by  
To many tower'd Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Thro' the wave that runs forever  
By the island in the river  
Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four grey walls, and four grey towers,

## *The Lady of Shalott*

Overlook a space of flowers  
And the silent isle embowers  
    The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,  
Slide the heavy barges trail'd  
By slow horses; and unhail'd  
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd  
Skimming down to Camelot;  
But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
Or at the casement seen her stand?  
Or is she known in all the land?  
    The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,  
Down to tower'd Camelot;  
And by the moon the reapers weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whisper, "'Tis the fairy  
    Lady of Shalott."

## II

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colours gay.  
She has heard a whisper say  
A curse is on her if she stay  
To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care has she,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

## *The Lady of Shalott*

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.  
There she sees the highway near  
Winding down to Camelot.  
There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village-churls,  
And the red cloaks of market girls,  
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,  
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,  
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;  
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two;  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often thro' the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights,  
And music, went to Camelot;  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers, lately wed;  
"I am half sick of shadows," said  
The Lady of Shalott.

### III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,  
He rode between the barley-sheaves,

*The Lady of Shalott*

The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
Of bold Sir Lancelot.  
A red-cross knight forever kneel'd  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden Galaxy.  
The bridle bells rang merrily  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
A mighty silver bugle hung,  
And as he rode his armour rung  
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jewel'd shone the saddle-leather,  
The helmet and the helmet-feather  
Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river

## *The Lady of Shalott*

He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
"Tirra lirra," by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces thro' the room,  
She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
She look'd down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side;  
"The curse is come upon me!" cried  
The Lady of Shalott.

### IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining  
Over tower'd Camelot;  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse—  
Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance  
Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
The Lady of Shalott.

## *The Lady of Shalott*

Lying robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Thro' the noises of the night  
She floated down to Camelot;  
And as the boat-head wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,  
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.  
For ere she reach'd upon the tide  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden-wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
Dead-pale between the houses high,  
Silent into Camelot.  
Out upon the wharves they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
And round the prow they read her name,  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer;  
And they cross'd themselves for fear,  
All the knights at Camelot;

*The Lady of Shalott*

But Lancelot mused a little space;  
He said, "She has a lovely face;  
God in His mercy lend her grace;  
The Lady of Shalott."

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN

ALFRED NOYES

I

**A**cross the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we  
plodded,  
Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,  
And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus  
nodded,  
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow  
through the dark!  
For his eye was growing mellow,  
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,  
As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow in  
the dark!  
Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch in the  
dark!

II

*Were* they mountains in the gloaming or the giant's  
ugly shoulders  
Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with its bleared and  
vinous glow,  
Red and yellow o'er the purple of the pines among  
the boulders

## *Forty Singing Seamen*

And the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen slopes  
below,

*Were* they pines among the boulders

Or the hair upon his shoulders?

We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't  
know.

We were simple singing seamen, so of course we couldn't  
know.

### III

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came upon a  
fountain

Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray of leaping fire;

And behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a golden  
mountain

There stood a crystal palace, for a sailor to admire;

For a troop of ghosts came round us,

Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,

Then with grog they well-nigh drowned us, to the depth  
of our desire!

And 'twas very friendly of them, as a sailor can admire!

### IV

There was music all about us, we were growing quite  
forgetful

We were only singing seamen from the dirt of London-  
town,

Though the nectar that we swallowed seemed to vanish  
half regretful

As if we wasn't good enough to take such vittles down,

When we saw a sudden figure,

Tall and black as any nigger,



## *Forty Singing Seamen*

Like the devil—only bigger—drawing near us with a  
frown!

Like the devil—but much bigger—and he wore a golden  
crown!

### V

And “What’s all this?” he growls at us! With dignity  
we chaunted,

“Forty singing seamen, sir, as won’t be put upon!”

“What? Englishmen?” he cries, “Well, if ye don’t mind  
being haunted,

Faith, you’re welcome to my palace; I’m the famous  
Prester John!

Will ye walk into my palace?

I don’t bear ’ee any malice!

One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of Prester  
John!”

So we walked into the palace and the halls of Prester  
John!

### VI

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall a  
hollow ruby—

Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay bigger by a half!

And I sees the mate wi’ mouth agape, a-staring like a  
booby,

And the skipper close behind him, with his tongue out  
like a calf!

Now the way to take it rightly

Was to walk along politely

Just as if you didn’t notice—so I couldn’t help but  
laugh!

For they both forgot their manners and the crew was  
bound to laugh!

VII

But he took us through his palace, and, my lads, as I'm  
a sinner,  
We walked into an opal like a sunset-colored cloud—  
“My dining room,” he says, and, quick as light, we saw  
a dinner  
Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy crowd;  
And the skipper, swaying gently  
After dinner, murmurs faintly,  
“I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you’ve done us  
very proud!”  
And we drank his health with honors, for he *done* us  
*very* proud!

VIII

Then he walks us to his garden where we sees a  
feathered demon  
Very splendid and important on a sort of spicy tree!  
“That’s the Phoenix,” whispers Prester, “which all  
edicated seamen  
Knows the only one existent, and *he’s* waiting for to flee!  
When his hundred years expire  
Then he’ll set hisself a-fire  
And another from his ashes rise most beautiful to see!”  
With wings of rose and emerald most beautiful to see!

IX

Then he says, “In yonder forest there’s a little silver  
river  
And whosoever drinks of it, his youth shall never die!  
The centuries go by, but Prester John endures for ever

## *Forty Singing Seamen*

With his music in the mountains and his magic on the  
sky!

While *your* hearts are growing colder,

While your world is growing older,

There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets  
the sky."

It shall call to singing seamen till the fount o' song is  
dry!

## X

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that forest fair  
defied us.

First a crimson leopard laughed at us most horrible to  
see,

Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked his  
chops and eyed us,

While a red and yellow unicorn was dancing round a  
tree!

We was trying to look thinner,

Which was hard, because our dinner

Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat o' high degree!

Must ha' made us very tempting to the whole  
menarjeree!

## XI

So we scuttled from that forest and across the poppy  
meadows

Where the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us in the  
dark!

And we pushes out from shore again a-jumping at our  
shadows

And pulls away most joyful to the old black barque!

## Forty Singing Seamen

And home again we plodded  
While the Polyphemus nodded  
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow  
through the dark.  
Oh, the moon above the mountains red and yellow  
through the dark!

## XII

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-town we  
blundered,  
Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know  
If the visions that we saw was caused by—here again  
we pondered—  
A tippie in a vision forty thousand years ago.  
Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed  
Make us *dream* of all that followed?  
We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't  
know!  
We were simple singing seamen, so of course we could  
not know!

## ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

**A**bou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold;

*Abou Ben Adhem*

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision rais'd its head,  
And with a look made all of sweet accord,  
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."  
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

## THE TWO SISTERS OF BINNORIE

ANONYMOUS

There were two sisters sat in a bower;  
Binnorie, O Binnorie;  
There came a knight to be their wooer;  
By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with gloves and rings,  
But he loved the youngest above all things.

The eldest was vexèd to despair,  
And much she envied her sister fair.

The eldest said to the youngest one,  
"Will ye see our father's ships come in?"

*The Two Sisters of Binnorie*

She's taken her by the lily-white hand,  
And led her down to the river strand.

The youngest stood upon a stone;  
The eldest came and pushed her in.

"O sister, sister, reach out your hand,  
And you shall be heir of half my land.

"O sister, reach me but your glove  
And sweet William shall be all your love."

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!  
Sweet William shall surely be my love."

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,  
Until she came to the mouth of the dam.

Out then came the miller's son  
And saw the fair maid swimming in.

"O father, father, draw your dam!  
Here's either a mermaid or a swan."

The miller hastened and drew his dam,  
And there he found a drowned woman.

You could not see her middle small,  
Her girdle was so rich withal.

You could not see her yellow hair  
For the gold and pearls that clustered there.

And by there came a harper fine  
Who harped to nobles when they dine.

*The Two Sisters of Binnorie*

And when he looked that lady on,  
He sighed and made a heavy moan.

He's made a harp of her breast bone,  
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone.

He's taken three locks of her yellow hair  
And with them strung his harp so rare.

He went into her father's hall  
To play his harp before them all.

But as he laid it on a stone,  
The harp began to play alone.

And soon the harp sang loud and clear,  
"Farewell, my father and mother dear.

Farewell, farewell, my brother Hugh,  
Farewell, my William, sweet and true."

And then as plain as plain could be,  
    (Binnorie, O Binnorie)  
"There sits my sister who drownèd me  
    By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie!"

## KALLUNBORG CHURCH

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

**B**uild at Kallunborg by the sea  
A church as stately as church may be,  
And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,"  
Said the Earl of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.  
And the Baron laughed. But Esbern said,  
"Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed!"  
And off he strode, in his pride of will,  
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi Hill.  
"Build, oh, Troll, a church for me  
At Kallunborg by the mighty sea;  
Build it stately and build it fair,  
Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.  
But the sly dwarf said, "No work is wrought  
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.  
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair?"  
"Set thy own price!" quoth Esbern Snare.  
"When Kallunborg Church is builded well  
Thou must the name of the builder tell,  
Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my boon."  
"Build," said Esbern, "And build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought on;  
He hewed the timber, he piled the stone;  
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,  
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.  
He listened by night, he watched by day,  
He sought and thought, but he dared not pray;  
In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,  
And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.  
Of his evil bargain far and wide



## *Kallunborg Church*

A rumor ran through the country-side;  
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,  
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.  
And now the church was well-nigh done;  
One pillar it lacked, and one alone;  
And the grim Troll muttered "Fool that thou  
art.

Tomorrow gives me thy eyes and heart."  
By Kallunborg in black despair,  
Through wood and meadow, walked Esbern  
Snare,

Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank  
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.  
At his last days' work he heard the Troll  
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole;  
Before him the church stood, large and fair;  
"I have builded my tomb!" said Esbern Snare.  
And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,  
When he heard a light step by his side;  
"O Esbern Snare," a sweet voice said,  
"Would I might die now in thy stead."  
With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,  
He held her fast, and he held her long;  
With the beating heart of a bird afeard  
She hid her face in his flame red beard.  
"O love!" he cried, "let me look today  
In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away;  
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart  
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart.  
I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee.  
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me!"

But fast as she prayed, and faster still,  
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi Hill.  
He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart

## *Kallunborg Church*

Was somehow baffling his evil art;  
For more than spell of elf or Troll  
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.  
And Esbern listened, and caught the sound  
Of a troll-wife singing underground;  
"Tomorrow comes Fine, father thine,  
Lie still, and hush thee, baby mine.  
Lie still, my darling. Next sunrise  
Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart and  
eyes!"

"Ho! Ho!" quoth Esbern, "is that your game?  
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name!"  
The Troll he heard him, and hurried on  
To Kallunborg church with the lacking stone.  
"Too late, Gaffer Fine!" cried Esbern Snare;  
And Troll and pillar vanished in air.

That night the harvesters heard the sound  
Of a woman sobbing underground,  
And the voice of the Hill-Troll, loud with blame  
Of the careless singer who told his name.  
Of the Troll of the Church they sing the tune  
By the Northern sea in the harvest moon;  
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still  
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi Hill.  
And seaward over its groves of birch  
Still looks the tower of Kallunborg church,  
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,  
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare.

THE BLESSÈD DAMOZEL

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

**T**he blessèd damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn;  
The hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.  
... Yet now, and in this place,  
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair  
Fell all about my face. . . .  
Nothing; the autumn fall of leaves  
The whole year sets apace.)

## *The Blessèd Damozel*

It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
The which is space begun;  
So high, that looking downward thence  
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood  
Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and night  
With flame and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met,  
'Mid deathless Love's acclaims  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
Their heart-remembered names;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped  
Out of the circling charm;  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still  
    strove

*The Blessèd Damsel*

Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon  
Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now  
She spoke through the still weather.  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had when they sang together.

(Ah, sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,  
Strove not her accents there,  
Fain to be harkened? When those bells  
Possessed the mid-day air,  
Strove not her steps to reach my side  
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come," she said.  
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth  
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
And shall I feel afraid?"

"When round his head the aureole clings  
And he is clothed in white,  
I'll take his hand and go with him  
To the deep wells of light;  
As into a stream we will step down  
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,  
Occult, withheld, untrod,  
Whose lamps are stirred continually

*The Blessèd Damozel*

With prayers sent up to God;  
And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of  
That living, mystic tree  
Within whose secret growth the Dove  
Is sometimes felt to be,  
While every leaf that his plumes touch  
Saith His name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,  
I myself, lying so,  
The songs I sing here; which his voice  
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,  
And find some knowledge at each pause,  
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!  
Yea, one wast thou with me  
That once of old. But shall God lift  
To endless unity  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the grove  
Where the Lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circledwise sit they, with bound locks,  
And foreheads garlanded;  
Into the fine cloth white like flame

*The Blessèd Damozel*

Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-robcs for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

“He shall fear, haply, and be dumb;  
Then will I lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed or weak;  
And the dear Mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak.

“Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged, unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles;  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

“There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
This much for him and me;—  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love, only to be  
As then awhile, forever now  
Together, I and he.”

She gazed and listened and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild,—  
“All this is when he comes.” She ceased.  
The light thrilled towards her, fill’d  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smil’d.

(I saw her smile) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres;  
And then she cast her arms along

*The Blessèd Damozel*

The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

MEETING AT NIGHT

ROBERT BROWNING

**T**he grey sea and the long black land;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach;  
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;  
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears  
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

PARTING AT MORNING

ROBERT BROWNING

**R**ound the cape of a sudden came the sea,  
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:  
And straight was a path of gold for him,  
And the need of a world of men for me.



*Eve*

EVE

RALPH HODGSON

Eve, with her basket, was  
Deep in the bells and grass,  
Wading in bells and grass  
Up to her knees,  
Picking a dish of sweet  
Berries and plums to eat,  
Down in the bells and grass  
Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a  
Corner the cobra lay,  
Curled round a bough of the  
Cinnamon tall . . .  
Now to get even and  
Humble proud heaven and  
Now was the moment or  
Never at all.

"Eva!" Each syllable  
Light as a flower fell,  
"Eva!" he whispered the  
Wondering maid,  
Soft as a bubble sung  
Out of a linnet's lung,  
Soft and most silverly  
"Eva!" he said.

Picture that orchard sprite,  
Eve, with her body white,  
Supple and smooth to her

Slim finger tips,  
Wondering, listening,  
Listening, wondering,  
Eve with a berry  
Half-way to her lips.

Oh, had our simple Eve  
Seen through the make-believe!  
Had she but known the  
Pretender he was!  
Out of the boughs he came,  
Whispering still her name,  
Tumbling in twenty rings  
Into the grass.

Here was the strangest pair  
In the world anywhere,  
Eve in the bells and grass  
Kneeling, and he  
Telling his story low . . .  
Singing birds saw them go  
Down the dark path to  
The Blasphemous Tree.

Oh, what a clatter when  
Titmouse and Jenny Wren  
Saw him successful and  
Taking his leave!  
How the birds rated him,  
How they all hated him!  
How they all pitied  
Poor motherless Eve!

Picture her crying  
Outside in the lane,

Eve, with no dish of sweet  
Berries and plums to eat,  
Haunting the gate of the  
Orchard in vain . . .  
Picture the lewd delight  
Under the hill tonight—  
“Eva!” the toast goes round,  
“Eva!” again.

## AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

PADRAIC COLUM

O, to have a little house!  
To own the hearth and stool and all!  
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,  
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains  
And pendulum swinging up and down!  
A dresser filled with shining delf,  
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day  
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,  
And fixing on their shelf again  
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night  
Beside the fire and by myself,  
Sure of a bed, and loth to leave  
The ticking clock and the shining delf!

*An Old Woman of the Roads*

Och! But I'm weary of mist and dark,  
And roads where there's never a house or bush,  
And tired I am of bog and road,  
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,  
And I am praying Him night and day,  
For a little house—a house of my own—  
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

THE GYPSY

ELEANOR FARJEON

A gypsy lives on Kithurst,  
A gypsy with a dog;  
She smokes her pipe inside the barn  
And fills the barn with fog.

The rain came down on Kithurst,  
There never was such rain!  
It blurred the outline of the hills  
And drowned the Sussex plain.

I found the barn on Kithurst  
And peered within the gloom;  
I cried aloud for shelter,  
The gypsy growled "No room!"

The barn was foul with smells and smoke,  
The barn was full of litter  
And blackened with unfriendliness:  
The rain was not so bitter.

## *The Gypsy*

The mongrel howled, the gypsy scowled—  
“No room!” she growled, “No room!”  
I turned about and took the rain,  
The kindly rain, the friendly rain,  
I took the rain on Kithurst  
And left her to her gloom.

## MEG MERRILIES

JOHN KEATS

Old Meg she was a gypsy;  
And lived upon the moors:  
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,  
And her house was out of doors.  
Her apples were swart blackberries,  
Her currants, pods of broom;  
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,  
Her book a church-yard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,  
Her sisters larchen trees;  
Alone with her great family  
She lived as she did please.  
No breakfast had she many a morn,  
No dinner many a noon.  
And, 'stead of supper, she would stare  
Full hard against the moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh  
She made her garlanding,

And, every night, the dark glen yew  
    She wove, and she would sing.  
And with her fingers, old and brown,  
    She plaited mats of rushes,  
And gave them to the cottagers  
    She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,  
    And tall as Amazon;  
An old red blanket cloak she wore,  
    A chip-hat had she on.  
God rest her aged bones somewhere!  
    She died full long ago!

## THE FECKENHAM MEN

JOHN DRINKWATER

**T**he jolly men at Feckenham  
Don't count their goods as common men,  
Their heads are full of silly dreams  
From half-past ten to half-past ten,  
They'll tell you why the stars are bright,  
And some sheep black and some sheep white.

The jolly men at Feckenham  
Draw wages of the sun and rain,  
And count as good as golden coin  
The blossoms on the window-pane,  
And Lord! they love a sinewy tale  
Told over pots of foaming ale!

## *The Feckenham Men*

Now here's a tale of Feckenham  
Told to me by a Feckenham man,  
Who, being only eighty years,  
Ran always when the red fox ran,  
And looked upon the earth with eyes  
As quiet as unclouded skies.

These jolly men of Feckenham  
One day when summer strode in power  
Went down, it seems, among their lands  
And saw their bean fields all in flower—  
“Wheat ricks,” they said, “be good to see;  
What would a rick of blossoms be?”

So straight they brought the sickles out  
And worked all day till day was done,  
And builded them a good square rick  
Of scented bloom beneath the sun.  
And was not this I tell to you  
A fiery-hearted thing to do?

## HE THOUGHT HE SAW

LEWIS CARROLL

He thought he saw an elephant,  
That practised on a fife:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A letter from his wife.  
“At length I realize,” he said,  
“The bitterness of life.”

*He Thought He Saw*

He thought he saw a buffalo  
Upon the chimney-piece:  
He looked again, and saw it was  
His sister's husband's niece.  
"Unless you leave this house," he said,  
"I'll send for the police!"

He thought he saw a rattlesnake  
That questioned him in Greek:  
He looked again, and found it was  
The middle of next week.  
"The one thing I regret," he said,  
"Is that it cannot speak."

He thought he saw a banker's clerk  
Descending from a bus:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A hippopotamus:  
"If this should stay to dine," he said,  
"There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw an albatross  
That fluttered round the lamp:  
He looked again, and saw it was  
A penny-postage stamp.  
"You'd best be getting home," he said,  
"The nights are very damp."

He thought he saw a coach-and-four  
That stood beside his bed:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A bear without a head.  
"Poor thing," he said, "Poor silly thing!  
It's waiting to be fed!"



*He Thought He Saw*

He thought he saw a kangaroo  
That worked a coffee-mill:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A vegetable-pill.  
"Were I to swallow this," he said,  
"I should be very ill!"

THE ZOO

HUMBERT WOLFE

I scarcely think  
I like the Zoo  
as much as other  
people do.

First when I see  
the elephants,  
they seem in trouble  
with their pants,

and then the hippo-  
potamus  
says, "Who in blazes  
made me thus?"

And I observe the  
chimpanzee  
thanking his God  
he's not like me.

## *The Zoo*

While all varieties  
of cat,  
make me feel dumpy,  
coarse, and fat.

And that 's not all!  
The eagles make  
me stare as though  
my heart would break

at the great spaces  
of the air.  
And why? it isn't  
my affair

if hippo is a  
sort of evil  
joke perpetrated  
by the devil,

and of all broken-  
hearted things  
the brokenest are  
captive wings!

And yet I can-  
not like the Zoo  
as much as other  
people do.

*The Yarn of the Nancy Bell*

## THE YARN OF THE *NANCY BELL*

WILLIAM S. GILBERT

'T was on the shores that round our coast  
From Deal to Ramsgate span,  
That I found alone on a piece of stone  
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,  
And weedy and long was he,  
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,  
In a singular minor key;

"Oh, I am a cook, and the captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,  
Till I really felt afraid,  
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,  
And so I simply said:

"Oh elderly man, it's little I know  
Of the duties of men of the sea,  
But I'll eat my hand if I understand  
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

*The Yarn of the Nancy Bell*

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which  
Is a trick all seamen larn,  
And having got rid of a thumping quid,  
He spun this painful yarn:

“ ’Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*  
That we sailed to the Indian sea,  
And there on a reef we came to grief,  
Which has often occurred to me.

“And pretty nigh all o’ the crew was drowned  
(There was seventy-seven o’ soul),  
And only ten of the *Nancy’s* men  
Said ‘Here’ to the muster roll.

“There was me and the cook and the captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And the bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain’s gig.

“For a month we’d neither wittles nor drink,  
Till a-hungary we did feel,  
So we drewed a lot, and accordin’ shot  
The captain for our meal.

“The next lot fell to the *Nancy’s* mate,  
And delicate dish he made;  
Then our appetite with the midshipmite  
We seven survivors stayed.

“And then we murdered the bo’sun tight,  
And he much resembled pig;  
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,  
On the crew of the captain’s gig.

## *The Yarn of the Nancy Bell*

"Then only the cook and me was left,  
And the delicate question 'which  
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose  
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,  
And the cook he worshipped me;  
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed  
In the other chap's hold, you see.

" 'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom,  
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be I'  
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,  
And 'Exactly so I' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me  
Were a foolish thing to do,  
For don't you see that you can't cook me,  
While I can—and will—cook you?'

"So he boils the water and takes the salt  
And the pepper in portions true  
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,  
And some sage and parsley, too.

" 'Come here,' says he, with proper pride,  
Which his smiling features tell,  
' 'Twill soothing be if I let you see,  
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round  
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;  
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals  
In the scum of the boiling broth.

## *The Yarn of the Nancy Bell*

“And I eat that cook in a week or less,  
And—as I eating be  
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,  
For a vessel in sight I see.

“And I never grieve, and I never smile,  
And I never larf nor play  
But I sit and croak, and a single joke  
I have—which is to say;

“Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain’s gig!”

## SKIPPER IRESON’S RIDE

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Of all the rides since the birth of time,  
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—  
On Apuleius’s Golden Ass,  
Or one-eyed Calendar’s horse of brass,  
Witch astride, or a human hack,  
Islam’s prophet on Al-Borak,—  
The strangest ride that ever was sped  
Was Ireson’s out of Marblehead.  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead.

## *Skipper Ireson's Ride*

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop, like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,  
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain;  
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd hoort  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls with bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase,  
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,  
Over and over the Mænads sang;  
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd hoort  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! He sailed away  
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,  
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,  
With his own town's people on her deck.  
"Lay by! Lay by!" they called to him.  
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!  
Brag of your catch or fish again!"  
And off he sailed through the fog and rain.  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead.

*Skipper Ireson's Ride*

Fathoms deep, in dark Chaleur  
That wreck shall lie forever more,  
Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead  
Over the moaning and rainy sea—  
Looked for the coming that might not be.  
What did the winds and the sea-birds say  
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead.

Through the street on either side  
Up flew windows, doors flung wide;  
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives grey,  
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.  
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,  
Hulks of old sailors run aground,  
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,  
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain;  
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd hoort  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road  
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.  
Little the wicked skipper knew  
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.  
Riding there in his sorry trim  
Like an Indian idol, glum and grim.  
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear  
Of voices shouting far and near;  
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd hoort  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"



## *Skipper Ireson's Ride*

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried—  
"What to me is this noisy ride?  
What is the shame that clothes the skin  
To the nameless horror that lives within?  
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck  
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!  
Hate me and curse me—I only dread  
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"  
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead.

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea  
Said "God has touched him—why should we?"  
Said an old wife mourning her only son  
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run."  
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,  
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose;  
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,  
And left him alone with his shame and sin.  
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead.

## A LADY AND AN APE

W. S. GILBERT

A Lady fair, of lineage high,  
Was loved by an Ape in the days gone by.  
The Maid was radiant as the sun,  
The Ape was a most unsightly one—  
So it would not do,  
His scheme fell through,

*A Lady and an Ape*

For the Maid, when his love took formal shape,  
Expressed such terror  
At his monstrous error,  
That he stammered an apology and made his 'scape,  
The picture of a disconcerted Ape.

With a view of rise in the social scale,  
He shaved his bristles, and he docked his tail,  
He grew moustachios, and he took his tub,  
And he paid a guinea to a beauty club—  
But it would not do,  
The scheme fell through,  
For the Maid was Beauty's fairest Queen,  
With golden tresses  
Like a real princess's,  
While the Ape, despite his razor keen,  
Was the apiest Ape that ever was seen!

He bought white ties, and he bought dress suits,  
He crammed his feet into bright tight boots,  
And to start his life on a bran-new plan,  
He christened himself Darwinian Man!  
But it would not do,  
The scheme fell through,  
For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey craved,  
Was a radiant Being,  
With a brain far-seeing,  
While Darwinian Man, though well-behaved,  
At best is only a monkey shaved!

TRUE THOMAS

ANONYMOUS

**T** rue Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;  
A marvel he did see;  
For there he saw a lady bright,  
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,  
Her mantle of the velvet fine;  
On every lock of her horse's mane  
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he pulled off his cap,  
And bowed low down on his knee;  
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!  
For thy peer on earth could never be."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,  
"That name does not belong to me;  
I'm but the Queen of fair Elfland,  
That hither am come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said,  
"Harp and carp along with me;  
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
Sure of your body I will be!"

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
That threat shall never frighten me!"  
Then he has kissed her on the lips,  
All underneath the Eildon tree.

"Now ye must go with me," she said,  
"True Thomas, ye must go with me;  
And ye must serve me seven years,  
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,  
She's taken True Thomas up behind;  
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,  
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rode on, and further on,  
The steed flew swifter than the wind;  
Until they reached a desert wide,  
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, Thomas," she  
said,

"And lean your head upon my knee;  
Light down, and rest a little space,  
And I will show you marvels three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,  
So thick beset with thorns and briers?  
That is the path of righteousness,  
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not yon broad, broad road,  
That stretches o'er the lily leven?  
That is the path of wickedness,  
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see ye not yon bonny road,  
That winds about the green hillside?  
That is the way to fair Elfland,  
Where you and I this night must bide.

*True Thomas*

“But, Thomas, ye shall hold your tongue,  
Whatever ye may hear or see;  
For if ye speak word in Elfin land,  
Ye'll ne'er win back to your own countree!”

O they rode on, and further on;  
They waded through rivers above the knee,  
And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
But they heard the roaring of a sea.

It was murk, murk night; there was no  
starlight;  
They waded through red blood to the knee;  
For all the blood that's shed on earth,  
Runs through the springs of that countree.

At last they came to a garden green,  
And she pulled an apple from on high—  
“Take this for thy wages, True Thomas;  
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie!”

“My tongue is my own,” True Thomas he said,  
“A goodly gift ye would give to me!  
I neither could to buy or sell  
At fair or tryst where I may be.

“I could neither speak to prince or peer,  
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.”  
“Now hold thy peace!” the lady said,  
“For as I say, so must it be.”

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair of shoes of the velvet green;  
And till seven years were gone and past,  
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

REINE D'AMOUR

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

C  
lose as the stars along the sky  
The flowers were in the mead,  
The purple heart, the golden eye,  
And crimson-flaming weed:  
And each one sighed as I went by,  
And touched my garments green,  
And bade me wear her on my heart  
And take her for my Queen  
Of Love,  
And take her for my Queen.

And one in virgin white was dressed  
With lowly gracious head;  
And one unveiled a burning breast  
With Love's own ardor red:  
All rainbow bright, with laughter light,  
They flickered o'er the green,  
Each whispering I should pluck her there  
And take her as my Queen  
Of Love,  
And take her for my Queen.

But sudden at my feet looked up  
A little star-like thing,  
Pure odor in a perfect cup,  
That made my bosom sing.  
'Twas not for size, nor gorgeous dyes,  
But her own self, I ween,  
Her own sweet self, that bade me stoop

*Reine D'Amour*

And take her for my Queen  
Of Love,  
And take her for my Queen.

Now all day long and every day  
Her beauty on me grows,  
And holds with stronger, sweeter sway  
Than lily or than rose;  
And this one star outshines by far  
All in the meadow green;  
And so I wear her on my heart  
And take her for my Queen  
Of Love,  
And take her for my Queen.

THE THREE CHERRY TREES

WALTER DE LA MARE

There were three cherry trees once,  
Grew in a garden all shady;  
And there for delight of so gladsome a sight,  
Walked a most beautiful lady,  
Dreamed a most beautiful lady.

Birds in those branches did sing,  
Blackbirds and throstle and linnet,  
But she walking there was by far the most fair—  
Lovelier than all else within it,  
Blackbird and throstle and linnet.

*The Three Cherry Trees*

But blossoms to berries do come,  
All hanging on stalks light and slender,  
And one long summer's day charmed that lady away,  
With vows sweet and merry and tender,  
A lover with voice low and tender.

Moss and lichen the green branches deck;  
Weeds nod in its paths green and shady;  
Yet a light footstep seems there to wander in dreams,  
The ghost of that beautiful lady,  
That happy and beautiful lady.

NANCY HANKS (1784-1818)

STEPHEN AND ROSEMARY BENÉT

If Nancy Hanks  
Came back as a ghost,  
Seeking news  
Of what she loved most,  
She'd ask first  
"Where's my son?  
What's happened to Abe?  
What's he done?"

"Poor little Abe,  
Left all alone  
Except for Tom,  
Who's a rolling stone;



*Nancy Hanks (1784-1818)*

He was only nine  
The year I died.  
I remember still  
How hard he cried.

"Scraping along  
In a little shack,  
With hardly a shirt  
To cover his back,  
And a prairie wind  
To blow him down,  
Or pinching times  
If he went to town.

"You wouldn't know  
About my son?  
Did he grow tall?  
Did he have fun?  
Did he learn to read?  
Did he get to town?  
Do you know his name?  
Did he get on?"

## THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

RUDYARD KIPLING

W hen spring-time flushes the desert grass,  
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.  
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,  
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,  
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down  
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

*The Ballad of the King's Jest*

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,  
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.  
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,  
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose;  
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,  
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;  
And the bubbling camels beside the load  
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;  
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,  
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;  
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;  
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;  
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk  
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,  
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,  
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.  
The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,  
The knives were whetted and—then came I  
To Mahbub Ali, the muleteer,  
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,  
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.  
But Mahbub Ali the kindly said,  
"Better is speech when belly is fed."  
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep  
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,  
And he who never hath tasted the food,  
By Allah! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,  
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,  
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,  
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.

Four things greater than all things are,—  
Women and Horses and Power and War.

*The Ballad of the King's Jest*

We spake of them all, but the last the most.  
For I sought a word of a Russian post,  
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword  
And a grey-coat guard on the Helmund ford.

Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes  
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.  
Quoth he; "Of the Russians who can say?  
When the night is gathering all is grey.  
But we look that the gloom of the night shall die  
In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.  
Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise  
To warn a King of his enemies?  
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,  
But no man knoweth the mind of a King.  
That unsought counsel is cursed of God  
Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.

"His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,  
His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen;  
And the colt bred close to the vice of each,  
For he carried the curse of an unstanchèd speech.  
Therewith madness—so that he sought  
The favor of kings at the Kabul court;  
And travelled, in hope of honour, far  
To the line where the grey-coat squadrons are.  
There have I journeyed too—but I  
Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die!  
He harkened to rumor, and snatched at a breath  
Of 'this one knoweth' and 'that one saith,'—  
Legends that ran from mouth to mouth  
Of a grey-coat coming, and sack of the South.  
These have I also heard—they pass  
With each new spring and the winter grass.

*The Ballad of the King's Jest*

“Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,  
Back to the city ran Wali Dad,  
Even to Kabul—in full durbar  
The King held talk with his Chief in War.  
Into the press of the crowd he broke,  
And what he had heard of the coming spoke.  
Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,  
As a mother might on a babbling child;  
But those who would laugh restrained their breath,  
When the face of the King showed dark as death.  
Evil it is in full durbar  
To cry to a ruler of gathering War!  
Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,  
That grew by a cleft of the city wall.  
And he said to the boy; ‘They shall praise thy zeal  
So long as the red spurt follows the steel.  
And the Russ is upon us even now?  
Great is thy prudence—wait them, thou.  
Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong.  
Surely the vigil is not for long.  
The Russ is upon us, thy clamour ran?  
Surely an hour shall bring their van.  
Wait and watch. When the host is near  
Shout aloud that my men may hear.’

“Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise  
To warn a King of his enemies?  
A guard was set that he might not flee—  
A score of bayonets ringed the tree.  
The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,  
When he shook at his death as he looked below.  
By the power of God, who alone is great,  
Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.  
Then madness took him, and men declare  
That he mowed in the branches as ape and bear,

### *The Ballad of the King's Jest*

And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,  
And he hung like a bat in the forks, and wailed,  
And sleep the cords of his hands untied,  
And he fell, and was caught on the points—and died.

“Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise  
To warn a King of his enemies?  
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,  
But no man knoweth the mind of the King.  
Of the grey-coat coming who can say?  
When the night is gathering all is grey.  
Two things greater than all things are,  
The first is Love, and the second War.  
And since we know not how War may prove,  
Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!”

## THE THREE KINGS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Three Kings came riding from far away,  
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;  
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,  
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,  
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,  
That all the other stars in the sky  
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,  
And by this they knew that the coming was near  
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

## *The Three Kings*

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows  
Three caskets of gold with golden keys:  
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows  
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,  
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,  
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,  
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,  
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,  
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,  
Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;  
For we in the East have seen his star,  
And have ridden fast and have ridden far  
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;  
We know of no King but Herod the Great!"  
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,  
As they spurred their horses across the plain  
Like riders in haste, who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,  
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,  
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;  
And said, "Go down into Bethlehem,  
And bring me tidings of this new King."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,  
The only one in the gray of morn;  
Yes, it stopped—it stood still of its own free will,

## *The Three Kings*

Right over Bethlehem on the hill,  
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gates and the  
guard,  
Through the silent street, till their horses turned  
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;  
But the windows were closed and the doors were barred,  
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,  
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,  
The little child in a manger lay,  
The child who would be the king one day  
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth  
Sat watching beside his place of rest,  
Watching the even flow of his breath,  
For the joy of life and the terror of death  
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet;  
The gold was their tribute to a King,  
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,  
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,  
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,  
And sat as still as a statue of stone;  
And her heart was troubled yet comforted,  
Remembering what the Angel had said  
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

*The Three Kings*

Then the Three Kings rode out of the city gate,  
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;  
But they went not back to Herod the Great,  
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,  
And returned to their homes by another way.

GATES AND DOORS

*A Ballad of Christmas Eve.*

JOYCE KILMER

There was a gentle hostler  
(And blessed be his name!)  
He opened up the stable  
The night Our Lady came.  
Our Lady and St. Joseph,  
He gave them food and bed,  
And Jesus Christ has given him  
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open  
However poor the yard,  
Lest weary people visit you  
And find their passage barred.  
Unlatch the door at midnight  
And let your lantern's glow  
Shine out to guide the traveller's feet  
To you across the snow.



## *Gates and Doors*

There was a courteous hostler  
    (He is in Heaven tonight)  
He held Our Lady's bridle  
    And helped her to alight;  
He spread clean straw before her  
    Whereon she might lie down,  
And Jesus Christ has given him  
    An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening  
    And let your gate swing wide,  
Let all who ask for shelter  
    Come speedily inside.  
What if your yard be narrow?  
    What if your house be small?  
There is a Guest is coming  
    Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler  
    Who knelt on Christmas morn  
Beside the radiant manger  
    Wherein his Lord was born.  
His heart was full of laughter  
    His soul was full of bliss  
When Jesus on His Mother's lap  
    Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening  
    And keep no stranger out,  
Take from soul's great portal  
    The barrier of doubt.  
To humble folk and weary  
    Give hearty welcoming,  
Your breast shall be tomorrow  
    The cradle of a King.

THE OX

JOHN GRAY

**T**he holy night that Christ was born  
The ox stood reverently apart,  
Both ruminating eaten corn,  
And pondering within his heart.

There be (he pondered) certain beasts,  
Which stand about Jehovah's throne,  
Which hearken to the Lord's behests,  
Which have no thought but Him alone.

Now I am surely one of these.  
And, since he comes to my abode,  
'Tis fitting I should bow my knees  
Before the Holy Child of God.

I hold it for a solemn troth  
I shall no more be sacrificed.  
For when to prophethood He groweth,  
I cease to symbolise the Christ.

Who is the noble Holocaust  
As anciently himself did plan  
Himself to be the Holy Host  
To feed and succour fallen man.

I cannot tell the Mother dear  
My joy; but softly if I low,  
The noble Infant Christ will hear  
His bullock praise Him. He will know.

*Kubla Khan*

KUBLA KHAN

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree;  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round;  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced;  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
And 'midst these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
And midst this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated mid-way on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!  
A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

## ARGUS

ELEANOR FARJEON

Argus was a puppy,  
Frisking full of joy.  
Ulysses was his master  
Who sailed away to Troy.

## *Argus*

Argus on the seashore  
Watched the ship's white track,  
And barked a little puppy bark  
To bring his master back.

Argus was an old dog,  
Too gray and tired for tears.  
He lay outside the house door  
And watched for twenty years.

When twenty years were ended  
Ulysses came from Troy.  
Argus wagged an old dog's wag,  
And then he died for joy.

## ON A FAVOURITE CAT DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES

THOMAS GRAY

'T was on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
The azure flowers that blow,  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima, reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;  
The fair, round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,  
She saw, and purr'd applause.

*On a Favourite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes*

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The genii of the stream;  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
Through richest purple, to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;  
A whisker first, and then a claw  
With many an ardent wish  
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with look intent  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between.  
(Malignant Fate sat by and smiled.)  
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled;  
She tumbled headlong in!

Eight times emerging from the flood  
She mew'd to every watery god  
Some speedy aid to send:  
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,  
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard.  
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties! undeceived  
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
And be with caution bold:  
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,  
Nor all that glisters gold!

*The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST  
OF LINCOLNSHIRE (1571)

JEAN INGELOW

**T**he old mayor climbed the belfry tower,  
The ringers ran, by two by three;  
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;  
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.  
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!  
Play all your changes, all your swells,  
Play uppe, 'The Brides of Enderby.' "

Men say it was a stolen tyde—  
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;  
But in myne ears doth still abide  
The message that the bells let fall;  
And there was nought of strange, beside  
The flight of mews and peewits pied  
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the door,  
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;  
The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
Lay sinking in the barren skies;  
And dark against day's golden death  
Shee moved where Lindis wandereth,  
My sonne's fair wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dewes are falling,  
Farre away I heard her song.  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;

*The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*

Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
    Floweth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth  
Faintly came her milking song.

“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling,  
“For the dewes will soon be falling;  
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
    Mellow, mellow,  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
    Hollow, hollow,  
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow  
From the clovers lift your head;  
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot  
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow  
Jetty to the milking shed.”

If it be long, ay, long ago,  
When I beginne to think how long,  
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;  
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,  
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),  
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadowe mote be seene,  
Save where full fyve good miles away  
The steeple towered from out the greene;  
And lo! the great bell farre and wide  
Was heard in all the country side  
That Saturday at eventide.



*The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*

The swanherds where their sedges are  
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
And shepherde lads I heard afarre,  
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;  
Till floating o'er the grassy sea  
Came down that kyndly message free,  
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,  
And all along where Lindis flows  
To where the goodly vessels lie,  
And where the lordly steeple shows.  
They sayde. "And why should this thing be?  
What danger lowers by land or sea?  
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
Of pyrate galleys warping down;  
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,  
They have not spared to wake the towne.  
But when the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne  
Came riding downe with might and main:  
He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang again,  
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"  
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is down,  
The rising tide comes on apace,

*The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*

And boats adrift in yonder towne  
Go sailing uppe the market-place."  
He shook as one that looks on death;  
"God save you, mother!" straight he sayth;  
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,  
With her two bairns I marked her long;  
And ere yon bells beganne to play  
Afar I heard her milking song."  
He looked across the grassy lea,  
To right, to left; "Ho Enderby!"  
They rang, "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;  
For lo! along the river's bed  
A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
It swept with thunderous noises loud;  
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
Or like a demon in a shroud.  
And rearing Lindis backward pressed,  
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;  
Then madly at the eygre's breast  
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.  
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—  
Then beaten foam flew round about—  
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,  
The heart had hardly time to beat,  
Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet;  
The feet had hardly time to flee

*The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*

Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.  
Upon the roofe we sat that night,  
The noise of bells went sweeping by;  
I marked the lofty beacon light  
Stream from the church tower, red and high—  
A lurid mark and dread to see;  
And awesome bells they were to mee,  
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide  
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;  
And I—my sonne was at my side,  
And yet the ruddy beacon glowd;  
I shall never hear her more  
By the reedy Lindis shore,  
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dews be falling;  
I shall never hear her song,  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along  
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
Goeth, floweth;  
From the meads where melick groweth,  
When the water winding down,  
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more  
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
Shiver, quiver;  
Stand beside the sobbing river,  
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling  
To the sandy lonesome shore;  
I shall never hear her calling,  
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow;

*The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot;  
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow;  
Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow;  
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,  
From your clovers lift your head;  
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,  
Jetty to the milking shed."  
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,  
"O come in life, or come in death!  
O lost! my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?  
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;  
The waters laid thee at his doore,  
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.  
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.  
That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,  
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;  
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!  
To manye more than myne and mee;  
But each will mourn his own (shee sayth)  
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

TELLING THE BEES

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Here is the place; right over the hill  
Runs the path I took;  
You can see the gap in the old wall still,  
And the stepping stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,  
And the poplars tall;  
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,  
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;  
And down by the brink  
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,  
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,  
Heavy and slow;  
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,  
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;  
And the June sun warm  
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
Setting, as then, over Fernside Farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care  
From my Sunday coat  
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,  
And cooled at the brook-side my brow and throat.

*Telling the Bees*

Since we parted a month had passed,  
To love, a year;  
Down through the beeches I looked at last  
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain  
Of light through the leaves,  
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,  
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,  
The house and the trees,  
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,  
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,  
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun  
Had the chill of snow;  
For I knew she was telling the bees of one  
Gone on the journey we all must go.

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps  
For the dead today;  
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps  
The fret and pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,  
With his cane to his chin,  
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

## *Telling the Bees*

And the song she was singing ever since  
In my ear sounds on :  
“Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence !  
Mistress Mary is dead and gone !”

## THE GOOSE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I knew an old wife lean and poor,  
Her rags scarce held together ;  
There strode a stranger to the door,  
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,  
He uttered rhyme and reason :  
“Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,  
It is a stormy season.”

She caught the white goose by the leg,  
A goose—’twas no great matter.  
The goose let fall a golden egg  
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropped the goose, and caught the pelf,  
And ran to tell her neighbours,  
And blessed herself and cursed herself,  
And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,  
Grew plump and able-bodied,

## *The Goose*

Until the grave churchwarden doffed,  
The parson smirked and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,  
She felt her heart grow prouder;  
But ah! the more the white goose laid  
It clacked and cackled louder.

It cluttered here, it chuckled there,  
It stirred the old wife's mettle;  
She shifted in her elbow-chair,  
And hurled the pan and kettle.

"A quinsy choke thy cursed note!"  
Then waxed her anger stronger.  
"Go, take the goose and wring her throat,  
I will not bear it longer."

Then yelped the cur and yowled the cat,  
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.  
The goose flew this way and flew that,  
And filled the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor  
They floundered all together,  
There strode a stranger to the door,  
And it was windy weather.

He took the goose upon his arm,  
He uttered words of scorning:  
"So keep you cold or keep you warm,  
It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park to plain,  
And round the attics rumbled,



## *The Goose*

Till all the tables danced again,  
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,  
The blast was hard and harder.  
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,  
And a whirlwind cleared the larder ;

And while on all sides breaking loose  
Her household fled the danger,  
Quoth she, "The devil take the goose,  
And God forget the stranger !"

## THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

**R**abbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read  
A volume of the law, in which it said,  
"No man shall look upon my face and live."  
And as he read, he prayed that God would give  
His faithful servant grace with mortal eye  
To look upon His face and yet not die.

There fell a sudden shadow on the page,  
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,  
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,  
Holding a naked sword in his right hand.  
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,  
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.  
With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou here?"  
The Angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near

*The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi*

When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree,  
What e'er thou askest shall be granted thee."  
Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes  
First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look."  
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,  
And rising, and uplifting his gray head,  
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said,  
"Lest thou should fall upon me by the way."  
The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,  
Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,  
And set him on the wall, whence gazing down,  
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,  
Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord  
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,  
And through the streets there swept a sudden breath  
Of something there unknown which men call death.  
Meanwhile, the Angel stayed without, and cried,  
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied,  
"No! in the name of God whom I adore,  
I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried "O Holy One,  
See what the son of Levi here hath done!  
The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,  
And in Thy name refuses to go hence!"  
The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth;  
Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?  
Let him remain; for he with mortal eye  
Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

## *The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi*

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death  
Heard the great Voice, and said, with panting breath,  
"Give back the sword and let me go my way."  
Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered "Nay!  
Anguish enough already has it caused  
Among the sons of men." And while he paused  
He heard the awful mandate of the Lord  
Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer,  
Then said he to the dreadful Angel "Swear  
No human eye shall look on it again;  
But when thou takest away the souls of men,  
Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,  
Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."  
The Angel took the sword again, and swore,  
And walks on earth unseen forever more.

## LORD RANDAL

ANONYMOUS

O where have you been, Lord Randal, my son?  
O where have you been, my handsome young man?"  
"I have been to the wild wood; Mother, make my  
bed soon,  
For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie  
doon."

"Who gave you your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?  
Who gave you your dinner, my handsome young man?"

"I dined with my sweetheart; Mother, make my bed  
soon,  
For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie  
doon."

"What had you for dinner, Lord Randal, my son?  
What had you for dinner, my handsome young man?"

"I had eels boiled in broth; Mother, make my bed  
soon,  
For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie  
doon."

"And where are your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my  
son?"

And where are your bloodhounds, my handsome young  
man?"

"O they swelled and they died; Mother, make my bed  
soon,  
For I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie  
doon."

O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son?

O I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!"

"O yes! I am poisoned; Mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie doon."

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NAMES OF POETS IN CAPS.

Titles of Poems, caps and lower case, roman.

*Opening lines or phrases in italics, caps and lower case.*



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